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EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Contributions are not invited, but will be considered provided a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for their return if unsuitable. They should be typewritten.

## Notes of the Week

THE PRINCE OF WALES has never failed and will never fail to answer any call that the country may make upon his services, and he leaves for his Indian tour accompanied by the most affectionate good wishes of the Empire. It would be idle to pretend that this affection is not qualified by some considerable anxiety. It may well be that in sending out the Prince of Wales to counteract some of the effects of a weak, changeable, and, as we think, unwise policy in India, the Government is asking more from the Prince's universal popularity than even he, with all his astonishing equipment of charm and character, may be able to achieve. The responsibility rests with them. In this connexion we cannot agree with Lord Curzon's attempt to silence any discussion of Indian matters in the House of Lords on the day of the Prince's departure. The situation is too serious to be subject to considerations of mere ceremonial politeness.

The Irish Conference is in a state of suspended animation. The Foreign Office having published the telegrams which had passed between Pope Benedict and the King, Mr. De Valera conceived that the Pope had deliberately ignored the status of Ireland as an independent Republic, and that the proper course for the Vatican to pursue was to duplicate its good wishes and its prayers to both sides. Moreover, it was felt by Mr. De Valera and those immediately surrounding him that Mr. Lloyd George, pursuing a deliberate intention to disrupt the Conference, had inspired the Pope's communication. Accordingly no time was lost in despatching to the Holy See an incendiary communication in scorching and satirical language. It was generally imagined that the Conference could not continue without repudiation by Mr. De Valera after his despatch. However, it met as usual at Downing Street on Saturday, October 22nd, and, after a discussion lasting one and a-half hours, adjourned till 5 p.m. on Monday, October 24th. Meanwhile the Press generally attempted to solve the British conscience by endeavouring to draw a distinction between Mr. De Valera and

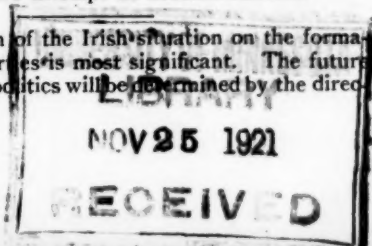
the "Irish Plenipotentiaries" in London. The departure of Mr. Michael Collins to Dublin over the weekend was taken to mean that he would remonstrate with Mr. De Valera.

It is generally believed there are some divergences of opinion amongst the Irish delegates themselves. There is ground for thinking, for instance, that Mr. De Valera, while insisting for the moment on the full independence of the Irish republic would be willing as a consummation of the negotiations to accept the dual monarchy solution. The only question is, dual monarchy of what? He is thought to favour the taking of a plebiscite in Ulster or of accepting a division based on the census of 1911. Or he might be willing to accept a partition on the basis of the politico-religious map drawn up for the Buckingham Palace Conference in 1914. In any event, he would get Fermanagh, the percentage of whose Roman Catholic population is 52.2, and Tyrone, in which county the Roman Catholics number well over half. He would almost certainly, too, get Donegal, or part of it, Monaghan, and Cavan; leaving Londonderry, Antrim, Down, and the great boroughs of Belfast and Newry as the area of the Ulster Parliament. He and those who think with him confidently anticipate that Ulster will then, in the natural course of things, eventually identify herself with the rest of Ireland. In fact, there is no doubt upon this point amongst the Irish delegates, and they would not be seriously concerned even if an exiguous Ulster remained outside Ireland as a whole for a considerable time. Mr. Michael Collins, on the other hand, is thought in many quarters to be more uncompromising, and to be unwilling to accept the dual monarchy solution which Mr. Arthur Griffiths is known to favour. Mr. Michael Collins, however, seems to be claimed by both parties alternately as an adherent.

The inner history which has been working itself out beneath the surface of the well-known facts of the situation is more interesting. Our information is that an agreement had been reached on naval questions. Mr. Lloyd George had required from the Admiralty statistics of the number of English vessels destroyed on the Irish coast during the war. His case was overwhelming, and Mr. Michael Collins and his colleagues had accepted our demands. He had not reckoned, however, with Mr. Erskine Childers. Mr. Erskine Childers, being an Englishman and a theorist, is of course more uncompromising than the Irish themselves, and we understand that he managed by the force of his eloquence to upset the understanding.

The most noteworthy result of the *impasse* is that the extent of the Unionist revolt against the Government assumes more serious dimensions. It is now known that about fifty members will support the motion of censure of the Government in its conception and conduct of the negotiations. The disaffected, however, remain without a leader, and the Lord Chancellor made a speech on October 26th, in which he justified the attitude of the Government and considered it their duty "to make one more attempt at accommodation."

The reflex action of the Irish situation on the formation of English parties is most significant. The future course of English politics will be determined by the direct



tion of the Irish negotiations. The uncompromising attitude of Mr. De Valera is daily hastening the disruption of the Unionist party. Unless the discussions break down the issue of the coming Irish debate in the House of Commons will be a vote of confidence in Mr. Austen Chamberlain as a leader. If, on the other hand, Mr. Lloyd George shows his inclination to make peace with Sinn Fein on the lines of their full demands, sketched in a previous paragraph, he may well split the cabinet. The utterance of Lord Birkenhead on October 26th, while conciliatory in tone and justificatory in fact of the principle of Conference, contained a solemn foreboding. "Those who have undertaken," he said, "this responsibility, knew the misapprehensions our best friends would feel and are entitled to say to you that you must examine our careers and our antecedents before giving rein to apprehension that we should be prepared to surrender anything of the greatness of this Empire or the fundamental principles on which the whole of this Empire depends." The words are significant. At the same time another political movement is gaining strength—the movement to make Lord Grey Prime Minister. In this event, the scheme is: Lord Grey Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith Lord Chancellor, Mr. McKenna Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Robert Cecil Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Runciman President of the Board of Trade. It is the best Liberal cabinet that could be put on paper for the present. At any rate the names will commend themselves to the country. Lord Cowdray is understood to be working hard behind the scenes to put this project into effect.

Mr. Lloyd George is well aware that he cannot with ease effect a settlement which will save the Coalition. The debate in the House of Commons will give the clue to his future attitude. In a leading article we examine the considerations which present themselves to his mind, and we also estimate the cost of a renewal of war which Mr. Lloyd George cannot fail to ignore. Never has the Prime Minister been in such an awkward dilemma. He has still one great advantage. He can call the tune of the next General Election. If that election is fought on the question of Ireland we make bold to predict that the poll will be one of the smallest in Parliamentary history. If loyalty to the King is identified with the support of Mr. Lloyd George the voters will not go enthusiastically to the polling booth.

In the Versailles days Mr. Lloyd George had a partner. Mr. Bonar Law was an *alter ego* who could well be entrusted with the difficult duty of replacing the Prime Minister. Whether or not he can lead it now depends on how far he can trust Mr. Austen Chamberlain. But the House will not rise in order to allow Mr. Lloyd George to go to Washington unless the House is willing to rise. And so the Prime Minister is embarrassed considerably. He looks now at Mr. Chamberlain, now at Washington. "How happy could I be with either . . ." It appears as if only another telegram from Mr. De Valera to the Pope could solve all the Prime Minister's difficulties at once.

Meanwhile, all other domestic issues are dwarfed. The House of Commons, summoned for the purpose of dealing with unemployment, has its attention entirely concentrated on the subject which it is not permitted to discuss. Yet the present unemployment situation is the gravest crisis that the nation has had to face since the War. No satisfactory and permanent solution can be arrived at without an honest attempt at disarmament. Can Mr. Lloyd George go to Washington to assist in such an attempt? The question can only be answered by another question. Can Mr. Chamberlain be trusted with the conduct of the House of Commons during his absence? Only on Wednesday he was confronted with some simple questions which resulted in his complete embarrassment. Mr. Rawlinson asked him "Whether the terms of the truce between His Majesty's Government and the Sinn Feiners had ever

been reduced to writing and, if so, what was the date of the document, and by whom it was signed." The Lord Privy Seal after prevaricating with the question said, "I am sorry . . . I cannot say off-hand . . . my memory will not allow me to say—whose signature is appended to the document. I believe he will get information from the document. If any information is not there I will answer him to-morrow." In continuing his answer, under pressure, at some length, he was forced to display his ignorance of a fundamental question.

A ridiculous example of the working of the Safeguarding of Industries Act has recently come to our notice. A gentleman returning from a visit to Germany, and having occasion to leave his pince-nez in that country to be repaired, received some days later a communication from the Customs Office requesting him to complete certain forms, as his returned glasses were subject to duty under the Act. Negotiations are still proceeding, but we have little doubt that after the expenses incurred by claiming the duty have considerably exceeded the sum due, it will be discovered that personal property is not taxable, and the money will be refunded. Unless, of course, the authorities intend to detain every person landing in this country wearing spectacles and demand from him an appropriate sum. We thought it was only doll's eyes that were to be penalised; but perhaps this is considered an effective way of extracting reparations from the short-sighted German.

In connexion with our remarks last week on the possibility of another great war—a war between the United States and Japan—at an early date, it will be well, we think, if general attention is kept steadily fixed on the realities of the situation which is to be considered by the Washington Conference, and not be drawn off from them by windy statements of what may be called the complimentary, congratulatory aspects of that meeting that are of little genuine importance. Though specifically summoned for discussing disarmament, the true reason for the calling of the Conference by America is to settle the question, on which the other question depends, whether a conflict in the Pacific can be avoided by getting Japan to alter her policy in and towards China in such a way as to satisfy American opinion—which means to the satisfaction of China. If Japan will not change her policy there will undoubtedly be war.

These are the realities of the situation. It is nothing to the point to say, as is so often said, that Great Britain is the ally of Japan, for she is not, as has been declared authoritatively, Japan's ally as against the United States. Nor is the matter taken much farther by talking of Japan as a great civilized or civilizing Power. It is more to the purpose to state bluntly that Japan is a great military Power, governed by a militarist and expansionist junta which is absolutely irresponsible, but which is justified in Japanese eyes by success.

The controversy between the United States and Japan respecting China has been going on for years, and now may be said to have come to a crisis. The question of Yap, which at the beginning of January inflamed American feeling, was settled by a concession on the part of Japan which America accepted. Yap is a small island mandated to Japan by the Allies, and the concession to the United States cost her very little. There are questions connected with Manchuria, which still belongs at least nominally to China, but it is over Shantung that the big difficulty will have to be faced by the Conference. The stand recently taken by China in the Note she addressed to Tokyo meant nothing less than a demand for the evacuation of Shantung by the Japanese—and this also is the attitude of America. Japan has just replied in terms as uncompromising as were those of the Chinese Note; she refuses to relax her hold on the Shantung railway—and this is the core



of the whole business. The signs, therefore, are not exactly favourable for the Washington Conference. Certain Washington correspondents, perhaps under inspiration, have suggested that Japan might find room for expansion north of China—presumably in Siberia. We note that a London Sunday paper, which often expresses the tentative ideas of our Government, hints that Japan might be given Manchuria; but she has as much legal right to Manchuria as she has to Manchester.

From the point of view of the general peace of Europe the most striking and at the same time satisfactory feature of the attempt of ex-king Karl to regain the throne of Hungary was the speediness with which the *Putsch* collapsed owing to the fact that it found so very little support among the Hungarians themselves. The great mass of the Hungarian people either stood coldly aloof from the royal adventure or opposed it; had they supported it, the result must have been different. On the whole their sympathies are Monarchist, but they understood that Karl could not give them that peace with security of which their country, like the rest of the world, is in dire need. There is something pathetic in the figure of the ex-king, defeated and a prisoner after so inconsiderable a fight, and wonder must be felt why he was led to believe his opportunity had come. It may be that the grounds of his confidence will never be fully disclosed, but it must be supposed he was convinced they existed. He is not the only ex-king in Europe; indeed, in some sort he stands for the Monarchist principle, and his failure must have an important influence on Monarchists in other countries. It is significant that the parties of the Right in Germany, which are predominantly Monarchist, assail him not for the attempt itself but for its being ill-timed.

The failure of Karl has unmistakably had a good effect on the political crisis in Germany. Immediately before the *Putsch* many disquieting rumours were current of the activities of the Monarchists in Bavaria and elsewhere in Germany, and of the Austro-German reactionaries whose headquarters are at Innsbrück in Tirol. It was even stated that a Monarchist rising was contemplated in Austria, and the Karlist attempt chimes in curiously with this report. These rumours followed on the heightening of the crisis in Germany consequent on the Upper Silesia decision and the fall of the mark, which were reflected in that remarkable increase in the strength of the reactionary forces which was indicated by the Berlin municipal elections. Next came the resignation of the Wirth Government, and for two or three days the situation in Germany was most serious. Anything might have happened. Karl made his bid for a throne, but the Monarchist and other parties of the Right in Germany were not ready, and hence the "ill-timed" nature of the ex-King's effort, which has recoiled on them in bringing the Moderates of the Wirth coalition together again in a strenuous endeavour to save the republic from destruction. The Chancellor had been in power for five months, and his policy of resistance to reaction and of compliance with the treaty demands of the Allies not only had been widely supported but offered the best hope for the peace of Europe.

President Ebert suddenly found his hands greatly strengthened by the Karlist fiasco, and after discussions with the leaders of the coalition and of the German People's Party called again on Dr. Wirth to form a Ministry. The upshot is that Dr. Wirth is Chancellor once more and his former Cabinet, with slight changes in personnel, resumes office. The new Government is thus much the same as before, representing in its individual members the parties of the coalition—the Majority Socialists, the Centrists, and the Democrats. If it is the case that Dr. Zapf is succeeding Dr. Wirth as Minister of Finance, a supporter of the German People's Party—the Industrialists—is now included. Dr. Wirth

for the time being is Foreign Minister. The new Cabinet is described as a "business" one, anxious and determined to get on with the work of reconstruction and of making the best of Germany's economic situation in face of the Upper Silesian decision. This in fact was the key-note of the speech of Dr. Wirth in the Reichstag on Wednesday in presenting his present Government. He spoke with bitterness, as was to be expected, of the decision, but he showed that he was willing to work under it by stating that a Commissioner had been appointed with full powers to come to an arrangement with Poland. Most people will agree with his contention that Germany's ability to fulfil the reparations programme has been impaired, and this gives fresh point to the general desire in this country for a modification of that programme.

The recent Communist disturbances in Paris are a measure of the lawlessness which may be expected in England if anarchists are left undisturbed to hatch their plots against the country. We deplore the crimes committed by them in France, and we deplore equally the indifference of our own Government to what constitutes a serious and growing menace to the community. If a Home Office official would but pay a visit to King Street, Covent Garden, where certain Communist offices are situated, and observe the activity of which they are day and night the centre, he would be able to convey to his department some idea of the seriousness of the situation.

We have lately been industriously complaining of what has seemed to us to be serious neglect on the part of the Home Office in connexion with ill-considered sentences passed by the bench. It is with the more pleasure, therefore, that we note the promptness with which it has taken up the case of a London hawkker who was on Tuesday sentenced to six weeks' hard labour for obtaining a penny by false pretences. He had been hawking a pamphlet which, purporting to catalogue the good deeds of Mr. Bottomley since his re-election to Parliament, in point of fact consisted of several blank pages. The sentence was on Thursday reduced to ten days, but even this is a harsh punishment for what was, at worst, a practical joke, and the offender, who has already served four days' imprisonment, should be immediately released. Another hawkker who had been selling the same pamphlets was merely charged with obstruction, and fined twelve shillings by the same magistrate.

We have been asked to draw attention to the ceremonies, meetings and other proceedings with which the two-hundredth anniversary of the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields will be celebrated on November 11. Although local parochial matters hardly come within our scope, we gladly make an exception in the case of the unique organisation of which St. Martin's is the heart. It is not only the central Parish Church of the Empire, but under the care of its present incumbent it is the source of an influence which might almost be described as world-wide; and because of the nobility and the humanity of that influence St. Martin's may be said to be the Parish Church of thousands of people, many of them leaders of thought and opinion, who are far from being in sympathy with the activities of the ordinary parish church. The celebrations on the 11th include services, fêtes in St. Martin's Churchyard, and a mass meeting in the London Coliseum, as to all of which full information may be obtained at the enquiry office in St. Martin's Churchyard. The financial appeal is for £12,500 for necessary repairs to the church, and for the conversion of the churchyard into a space suitable to the needs of the district. These are worthy objects, and we commend them to our readers, who should send subscriptions to the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, The Vicarage, Trafalgar Square.

## THE FORMULA

IRELAND, which has been responsible for many crises in English history, has this time produced a *crise de théâtre*. The elements of the present impasse, which is apparently this time to be overcome by "a formula," were of course involved in the negotiations from the beginning. Those who have followed those negotiations are not surprised. Mr. De Valera and Mr. Lloyd George both knew thoroughly well that they were in respectively irreconcilable positions. And now Mr. Lloyd George must needs use his best wits to find "a formula," which is another name for a phrase so general in character that it can be interpreted by either side as meaning anything, particularly if it is something that the other man wants it to mean. Although the word is comparatively new in politics the idea which it conveys is not new in the Prime Minister's career. His whole advance, indeed, has been an advance from formula to formula. Unfortunately it has generally been left to others to carry the formulas out. But there is, indeed, hardly to be found in politics an instance of such brutal cynicism. England and Ireland are now in the position of two men, one of whom calls the other a liar and the other of whom says "If we cannot discover a formula for your language, I shall have to leave the room."

Now, in considering the present Irish position, it must be remembered that Mr. Lloyd George is an opportunist. But opportunism is his method and not his object. The real opportunist is not a master of his destiny, but of the road by which he gets to it. He either believes in his destiny or takes it for granted. Proceeding for a moment on the assumption that the Prime Minister desires a settlement, and produces in consequence of that desire something which looks like a settlement, he may quite honestly deceive himself that it is a settlement. But he has evidently not yet decided which course to pursue. By every canon of logic he should have already broken off the discussions with Sinn Féin. The telegram sent by Mr. De Valera to the Pope was a direct invitation to him to do this. But, as ever, he holds the cards of both games in his hands. He can make peace or he can renew war. If he doubts for a moment in which direction he should steer, there are cogent reasons for his doubts. Mr. Lloyd George is fighting this time not for peace with Ireland alone, but for Mr. Lloyd George. An element of tragedy is introduced by his conflicting temptations. The stake for which he gambles is the biggest for which a Prime Minister has ever played. A false step and he is lost.

The crucial moment, however, has not yet arrived. On all sides, it is true, he is surrounded by aspirants to the office which he holds. The forces of disaffection are surging about him. The strength of the Opposition is daily swelling. He can count no longer on his friends, and his enemies are no longer so easily to be squared, angled, or cornered. And yet they do not strike. Something holds them back. Mr. Lloyd George still controls the game. For the consummation of these negotiations, whatever it may be, whether peace or war, means a General Election. The gathering forces of the Opposition do not yet know how they stand. In either event their tactics will be difficult. If the negotiations collapse the Prime Minister's election cry will be: "Every vote given against the Coalition is a vote for Sinn Féin." If peace be the outcome, even if it only be the semblance of a peace, the electorate will be asked to confirm it. And who shall stand in the way? Whatever the Prime Minister may want, however he may define the issue of the contest, has the Lord Robert Cecil group any chance in such an election? No. They could not produce a better solution. The present amazing and unsatisfactory state of the negotiations may therefore be attributable to Mr. Lloyd George's search for a formula—a formula on which he can fight a good election.

The position at the moment, therefore, is this. The attitude of the rank and file of the Unionist party is an unknown factor. The only thing that is certain is that

they are restive. They have as yet no leaders. It does not seem at present probable that any of the dominating personalities of the Cabinet will assume such a rôle. Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Birkenhead are too far compromised by their support of the Prime Minister in this affair to be able to abandon the Cabinet with grace. Their cue must come later. It is equally clear that whatever formula be settled on, the Unionist leaders will have difficulty in holding their followers together—unless the formula be one of war. In that event the unity of the Conservative party may well be preserved and the unity of the Coalition in consequence temporarily upheld. The Prime Minister has visibly every temptation, therefore, to lead the negotiations to the point of rupture. His final decision will not be hastily conceived. He has estimated the involutions of every possible contingency. He has obtained an estimate of the cost of subduing Ireland. That cost cannot be less than £250,000,000. Mr. De Valera knows this as well as Mr. Lloyd George. Hence the search for a formula. Nor has the Irish leader been idle in his speculations. While trailing his learning so discrepantly along the dusty road of Wilsonian diplomacy, his mind has been alert to the possibilities of the situation. He knows that the blockhouse system of conquering Ireland will be a two years' job. He surmises that any such attempt in the present stringency of English finances may invite a reaction which will place him in a stronger position in two years' time.

There are two factors which may influence the decision of the Prime Minister. There is shortly to be an Irish debate in the House of Commons. A body of Unionist party, but the continued existence of the a motion condemning the Irish negotiations. That motion will be the most critical discussion of the present administration. Considered from one angle it is a vote of lack of confidence in the leadership of Mr. Austen Chamberlain. It may well be that we are on the eve of a strange reversal of historical precedent; the father lost the reversion to a Premiership by seceding from Liberalism to Unionism. The son may lose an equal opportunity by the secession of the Unionists from him. Thus, on this debate will depend not only the fortunes of Mr. Austen Chamberlain and the cohesion of the Unionist party, but the continued existence of the Coalition itself. Mr. Lloyd George will be present at the debate and will doubtless allow his attitude to be determined by its course. He is confronted with a position on which depends his political future.

There is only one other consideration which may deflect him from the road of extemporization. He has reached that juncture in his career when men sometimes think of the figure they will cut in history. There comes a time in the lives of emotional men when a fierce and burning battle rages within them. As the Prime Minister looks back over his past achievements, has he much which will commend him to posterity? He has, indeed, a great deal. But will he be judged by the War or by the Peace? What will be said of his Peace? Of his settlement of Europe? And has there been any stability in his domestic policy? It may be unusual to embark on such considerations, but no study of politics is complete which would ignore the psychology of politicians. Those who have followed closely the career of the Prime Minister and the mainsprings of his conduct will realise the relevance of such a speculation. Meanwhile the crisis in Ireland is a *crise de théâtre*, foreseen, predetermined, and inevitable. The crisis is here at home. It is a crisis in domestic politics, a crisis in a wonderful career.

## NOW OR NEVER IN EUROPE

THE state of Europe is not only worse to-day than it was a year ago, but it is getting worse with every week that passes. The magician's wand has been waved in vain. At one time people thought that the next meeting of the Reparations Commission or of the Supreme Council would put things right; or



that some pronouncement by the League of Nations or some Conference of the Allied Premiers would be the beginnings of recovery; or that Mr. Lloyd George's genius for making and unmaking "crises" might at any moment undo the past and cheat events of their consequences. All these expedients have been tried and all have failed; but men still go on hoping. To-day it is the Washington Conference on which expectation hangs. There are positively those who have persuaded themselves that it may solve the problems not only of the Pacific but of Europe also. In other words the consideration of the really big and urgent question is once more postponed to the easy belief that something is about to turn up. Europe meanwhile continues to stumble towards an abyss extrication from which will be well-nigh hopeless.

The problem of Europe is, broadly, the problem of Germany. Commercially and industrially, Germany is the pivot of the European system. A sound Europe with a diseased Germany is an impossibility. Not one of the new States we have laboriously created can prosper or can even get a decent start in life so long as Germany flounders in political and economic instability. Not one of our European Allies, not France, nor Italy, nor Belgium, can go forward while in the centre of the Continent some seventy million people are sinking into financial chaos. The Russian question, again, cannot even be approached without German assistance and co-operation, and this assistance and co-operation to be effective cannot be forthcoming from a Germany that is denied the help she needs herself. To us in Great Britain the Pacific presents no possibility so menacing as the possibility that Germany may be heading for a complete economic breakdown. One of the reasons why there is unemployment in Britain is that Germany's struggles to find her feet are keeping all Europe nervously convulsed. We lose twice over so long as the return to confidence and tranquillity is delayed. We lose that great Continental market to which before the war we used to send some 40 per cent. of our exports; and, losing that, we are left with just so much less to spend on the purchase of the foodstuffs and raw material which we must import in order to keep going at all. The road to the restoration of the pound sterling lies through the revival of the productive power of the Continent and the procurement of conditions that will enable all the nations of Europe, Allies and enemies alike, to pay their way.

It has become, in short, a universal interest that Germany should be helped towards stability. One of the essentials of stability is solvency; in Germany's present case it is the first of essentials. But what the Allies have done, and are still doing, under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, is to force Germany to the very edge of the bankruptcy court. The proceedings of the Great Powers have never been more patently and completely divorced from economic commonsense. But the retribution that awaits them cannot be long delayed, and when it comes it is likely to be overwhelming. It was only by an effort that blew the mark to pieces that Germany was able to pay the last instalment of her obligations. On the next instalment, on part or the whole of it, a default must be expected; and if the default is to be taken as an excuse for the occupation of more German territory and still further interference with industry, the situation will be beyond remedy. Possibly it is too late even now to avert the impending crash which economists foresee. The leading Allied nations are either too preoccupied with their domestic troubles or too bewitched by the glamour of the Washington Conference to pay much heed to Germany. But they will be sharply reminded of her existence if the progressive exhaustion of her capacity to pay leads, as it soon and easily may, to a declaration of national bankruptcy.

That is by far the most tangible peril ahead of Europe to-day, and it is everybody's concern to ward it off if possible. If things are allowed to drift much longer a calamity is inevitable. Up to now the only gleam of economic enlightenment in the Allied treatment of Germany has been the Wiesbaden agreement,

which allows Germany to pay in kind for restoring the ravaged districts of France. That agreement has not yet been ratified because some of France's allies think that it gives her more than she is strictly entitled to under the Treaty of Versailles. Possibly it does, but what of that? The object of the agreement is so sound and its methods so business-like and practical that the more or less of immediate advantage to France, as compared with what Italy and Great Britain or any other claimant might remotely hope to receive from future payments, does not interest us at all. It should be ratified and put into operation without one moment's delay; there will then be something to build on and some ground for hoping that Europe is not to spend the next fifty years in an economic madhouse. But the carrying out of the Wiesbaden agreement, in our opinion, ought to be the last demand made upon Germany by the Allied Powers for at least another five years. For five years we would have all questions of reparations and indemnities suspended. That would give Germany time to restore order to her affairs, and it would give the Allies an opportunity of reconsidering the whole problem in a cooler atmosphere. An immediate announcement that for five years most of the financial provisions of the Treaty of Versailles were to remain in abeyance would do more, in our judgment, to revive that confidence which is the breath of industry than any measure which could possibly be devised. The alternative, remember, is a state of chaos which will do no good to anyone.

It is high time that on these matters the politicians of all countries should listen to the economists and the business men. Mr. McKenna in Chicago on Tuesday struck the right note when he urged that Great Britain should cancel all the war debts due to her, and would gain far more than she could possibly lose by foregoing her share of the German indemnity. That, we believe, is the conclusion to which the whole world of commerce, much to its surprise and very greatly against its inclinations, is being forced. But the politician remains incurably determined to entangle himself still further in the net of economic futilities that was woven at Versailles. It is this inability or refusal to get down to the causes of things that is responsible for the present floundering of statesmanship in the presence of the German problem. We tinker at palliatives for unemployment when all the time we are pursuing in Europe the policy which makes unemployment inevitable. We talk of recovering trade when we are ardently doing our blind best to put one of our largest customers out of business. We complain of the chaos of the foreign exchanges, and yet will not adopt the only policy that in time would restore the old equilibrium. If all indemnity payments by Germany were to be remitted for five years as a condition of Germany's internal finances being put on a sound footing, if the war debts were to be cancelled, industry would instantly take heart. Otherwise not only is there little chance of an upward movement, but there is a very serious prospect of a sudden and general collapse.

#### ATTEND TO TURKEY

THE British public, immersed in matters nearer home, has paid little attention lately to the Near East; yet the question of Turkey is one which urgently presses for a speedy settlement in the British even more than in the general interest. With Constantinople in the hands of the Allies and the Greeks in occupation of Thrace and the western part of Asia Minor, Turkey militant, unsubdued, and not altogether unsuccessful in the field is represented by the "National Government" in Angora, in the midst of the Anatolian homeland of the Turkish race now under the leadership of Mustafa Kemal Pasha. This is the Turkey with which Great Britain has to deal. She should not be regarded by us as a sort of loose end left over from the war to be tied up presently somehow or other, but as quite an important factor in affairs, particularly as

affecting British policy in, for example, Mesopotamia.

It may be recalled that in March last the Treaty of Sèvres, by which peace was granted by the Allies to Turkey, was revised in favour, to some extent, of the Turks, but that the position thus created was not accepted by the Kemalists. Two months later hostilities broke out between them and the Greeks who in the summer won some considerable victories, and drove the Turks to within a short distance of Angora; but their offensive then broke down before the stubborn resistance of their enemy, and they were compelled to retreat. This result was hailed as a substantial success by the Kemalists, and it was so; we may be sure there was not a Turk in the world who did not rejoice. It had long been known that the French and the Italian Governments did not see eye to eye with the British Government respecting Turkey, and it was in deference to French opinion mainly that the concessions to Turkey were made, or, more correctly, were offered, for the business hardly got beyond this stage.

France, meanwhile, had been acting independently, and had made some progress towards a separate agreement with the Kemalists, but in the end the negotiations failed, the cause being, it was said, the refusal of the Turks to permit a French control of the gendarmerie in Cilicia, from the greater part of which area the French wished to withdraw. This was in the early spring of this year, and in any case the Greek offensive supervened. But recently France resumed the negotiations, and there is now no doubt that these have ended in a pact, though the precise truth as to its provisions is something of a mystery. Speaking in the Chamber last week M. Briand said, according to the *Times* report, that in the Near East France had secured a diplomatic triumph, the Angora Assembly (the parliament of the Kemalists) having agreed to arrange, in consultation with her, the Syro-Cilician (not Cilician, as the *Times* prints it) frontier. He added that the pact would permit many young French soldiers to come home, and besides would have satisfactory financial consequences, the exact nature of which he did not disclose.

On Thursday of last week the *Manchester Guardian* announced, on what it considered good authority, that under this agreement France pledged herself to assist Turkey in recovering Smyrna and Thrace, recognised Turkey's complete sovereignty over Constantinople and the Straits, and promised to grant a loan to Turkey—in return, it may be supposed (though this did not appear in the announcement) for economic concessions within the Turkish area. A day or two afterwards the *Temps* published an express denial of the statement of the *Manchester* paper, averred that the pact was nothing more than a purely legitimate preparation for the cessation of hostilities between the French and the Turks, and encroached nowhere on the rights of the other Allies. The matter was still sufficiently in doubt for the British Government to make enquiries of the French Government, and the result of these was seen when Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, in the House of Commons on Monday, said that an agreement had been reached at Angora by the French on various points arising out of their evacuation of Cilicia, but that the French Government had given the British Government an assurance that the agreement was concerned with these things alone, having nothing whatever to do with the acceptance by France of the *full* (our italics) Turkish claim in Asia Minor and Thrace, including Constantinople, and a grant of exclusive rights in the Baghdad Railway.

Some doubts, however, still persist, and we hope these will be resolved when the complete text of the agreement is published—which ought to be very soon. France appears to have given up a good deal with respect to Cilicia, and we would like to learn what was the consideration received or to be received. But we confess at the moment we are much more intrigued to know what action, if any, is being taken by our Government with a view to effecting a settlement of the whole

Turkish question. As we conceive it, no one at this time of day who understands the situation advocates driving the Turks out of Anatolia. And it should be laid down that if the Greeks are allowed to hold any small part of Asia Minor outside the Smyrna district, they should be compelled to give the most binding guarantees for the protection of the Turks resident therein. M. Gounaris, the Greek Premier, has now come west to discuss the position with Paris and London, and our Government will, we trust, take full advantage of the opportunity of telling him plainly that attacks on the Turks must cease, and that peace with Turkey is an immediate and vital British interest. The next thing, then, for our Government is to get into close touch with Turkey.

## MODERN TALK

By G. S. STREET

I FEAR I annoy my coevals now and then by defending the age. They are mostly for condemning it altogether, and I go with them a good part of the way. I admit the inferiority of statesmanship; I deplore the increasing limitation of individual liberty; I agree that modern inventions—all except the safety razor—have added to the misery of mankind. But I maintain that our manners have improved very much in ease and kindness, and especially that the young are more agreeable people with whom to converse than you, my esteemed coevals, and I were at their age. I have been told that this is a pose of mine or that I seek to curry favour with my juniors. It may be so; the springs of thought are obscure; but so far as I know myself this is my honest opinion. Some say the young are rough and noisy, and I simply deny it. I have stayed recently in the country in a party of twenty, of whom only three were over thirty years old, and there was much less noise than I have heard, frequently, made by half a dozen middle-aged gentlemen. I do not see the roughness, either, but in this matter we must not confuse mere surface politeness with kindness, a much more important quality. A smiling downrightness of contradiction may be much kinder than an ironical deference of disagreement (especially if you have said something ignorant or absurd) though the one may be rude in form and the other polite. I have said this sort of thing in print before, however, and must not be too economical of ideas. Grant me, please, my hypothesis, that modern manners have grown kinder and easier, and let us see how the change has affected our conversation.

It long ago abolished the butt, to whose discomfort the talker exercised his wit. I have heard it said that the creation of a butt was a defect in the conversation of a brilliant talker who was also a great writer, and the fact that it made others besides the butt uncomfortable may have shown a change in feeling from the great writer's youth: otherwise he would hardly have acquired the habit. Less obviously it has diminished the monologist. The monologists who are such because the company prefers to listen to them rather than to talk itself are rare. Even they—well, even Dr. Johnson seems to have got on the nerves of Goldsmith, though Boswell said that was only Oliver's vanity. I am happy in having known one or two whom nobody certainly wished to interrupt. As a rule, however, your monologist establishes himself, in the first instance, by assertiveness, sometimes by shouting, and in a less competitive and kinder atmosphere he feels himself ashamed. Anyhow he is perishing out of the land, and I do not on the whole regret him. His conquest was too easy; we English cannot, as some foreigners can, all talk at once with mutual enjoyment and understanding; it is our instinct to stop when interrupted, and some of us, so stopped by the monologist establishing himself, had really something to say.

An easier and more casual habit of talk has left fewer shy and silent people, and so another evil, or what tended to be an evil, has diminished. I mean—not indeed silence, which can be an appreciable good, but



—the “drawing-out” of shy or silent people. The very phrase is uncomfortable, as though it meant dislodging a badger, and the operation needs to be done with more than ordinary tact. One of the best talkers I ever knew was an adept at it, or rather did not think about it at all, but by reason of his own sympathetic temperament and interest in everything human set everybody talking. As a rule the well-meant effort fails. It is no good to ask a silent person what he thinks, unless you know that the subject of conversation interests him; if he thinks nothing at all his proper silence becomes awkward. Nor is it wise to make a silent one talk by a violent wrench of the conversation. Once I suffered badly from this effort. A monologist was in possession of the dinner table. He was doing fairly well; if the rest of us would have sent him to prison it would have been without hard labour; we listened easily to his discourse on communism or cab-bages or whatever it was. It happened that I had lately published a book with quasi-historical stuff in it. Well, I assure you, in a pause produced by our great talker's refreshing himself with wine, our hostess turned to me, and rapidly and brightly said she: “Now let's talk about the eighteenth century.” The whole of the eighteenth century, wigs, duels, scepticism, gambling, everything, fled instantly from my mind, and I was further discomfited by a distinctly hostile glance from over the monologist's wine-glass. Somebody said something stupid about Gibbon and the talk returned to its conqueror. Such a painful experience would hardly be possible to-day. Talk or be silent or be damned is rather our attitude, and I think it is wiser, though the old anxiety that every one should give tongue was polite and well-meant. Again, our easier mode has made very improbable anything approaching a set discussion in ordinary social life. We stroll casually into conversation; we do not take off our coats and turn up our shirt-sleeves. I can remember, of twenty years ago, an air of “Come, let us be brilliant,” which I hardly ever notice now. That also is for me a change for the better. Determination accomplishes much, but it does not accomplish humour or gaiety or geniality or even wisdom.

You may say that all this is superficial and unimportant, that what matters in talk is not kindness or unkindness or stiffness or ease, but contact with a mind worth touching. I agree; produce me such a mind and I will let it discourse in any manner it chooses. You may say further that the change I have written of, if you allow it to exist, is convenient only for the sensitive and easily paralysed, and that competition and domination bring out the robust thought. It may be so; I affirm only that the change suits me. I think the best living talkers I know are elderly or even old men. How should they not be? Surely in this, if in nothing else, wisdom and long habit must count. The same are also the easiest and least monologising of men and would always have been so. But on the average, and taking all the folk one knows, one is probably right in thinking that a change spreads from the young, and I am grateful to them for being the easy and unembarrassed and kindly creatures they appear to me. Yet . . . does one know? When I talk with one or two I generally get on with them; I some times flatter myself they are surprised by my intelligence; I seem to know them. But when I am with twenty of them or so at once I feel myself a little on the outskirts of their talk. One generation does not know another perfectly; it can only guess.

#### THE EMPLOYMENT OF MARRIED WOMEN

By FRANCES H. LOW

IT would need in all probability the historian and the philosopher to assign the proper weight and significance to the remarkable social phenomena occurring beneath our eyes to-day. As most of us have neither the historic sense and knowledge of the one, nor the trained mind of the other, it is scarcely to be

wondered at that we neither recognise them nor appreciate their importance. Within a period of four or five years, many of the most carefully preserved ideas, convictions, prejudices, that have become almost instinctive, and traditions that have acquired almost the weight of laws, that had seemed almost inseparably associated with our conceptions of womanhood, have been almost violently repudiated. It is extremely difficult for the most thoughtful and balanced person to arrive at any definite conclusions as to the extent to which this violent change of ideals will affect women generally, and whether indeed they are not rather in the position of those who have suffered an upheaval, the cost of which they have not counted, the nature of which they do not rightly understand, and the consequences of which they are unable to foresee. The action of the St. Pancras Borough Council in adhering to their resolution not to retain the service of a married woman doctor (after having given her the opportunity to retire with honour by resigning) has not only created the greatest astonishment and indignation in the ranks of those who believed that feminism with all that it involved was now accepted, and a part of the civilisation of progress, but it has also revealed something of infinitely greater importance. People who have refused to face facts, who, asked to reflect upon the outcome of certain theories and views very popular at the moment, have taken refuge in generalisations about “things adjusting themselves” are now compelled to admit that in a world of stern logic, things do not conveniently adjust themselves; and that, before you rush the world into sweeping changes—political women, policewomen, jury-women and so forth—it would be well to look a little ahead and get an idea how far the home, society and the well-being of the women most closely concerned, and for the most part inarticulate, will be affected and injured.

Nearly twenty years ago I pointed out that an acceptance of feminism would mean the entrance of the married woman into every branch of the labour market—and by labour market I mean the professions, industry, and commerce—and that its effects, so far from being of infinitesimal importance, rather amusing than otherwise, would have the far reaching and disorganising phenomena that various persons in authority have apparently discovered the day before yesterday. Yet to do the feminists justice they have never disguised one of the leading principles of their creed. A woman, married or otherwise, wealthy or necessitous, must have perfect liberty to enter the labour market, irrespective of whether she disorganises that market, whether she introduces an artificial and complicating element, whether she increases the competition, whether this competition affects injuriously the health and happiness and the existence of others, especially of those others who are self-dependent, penniless women compelled to struggle for existence as an alternative to destitution and even starvation.

This is one of the main principles of feminism reiterated in all its naked brutality so lately as January of this year in the pages—of all places in the world—of the *Spectator* in its defence and praise of the “Pin-money” worker, who so far as this argument is concerned stands in the same position as the married woman. It is distinctly stated that the woman is to please herself. But if this claim has never been disguised, the real issues of this war—for such it is—are even now wilfully misrepresented. The average person not given to steady thinking is under the impression that a body of public spirited women, yearning to give their best services to the State, are thwarted in these noble aspirations by the jealous, narrow-minded and tyrannical men who grudge them their jobs.

The much more insistent and tragic fact, that the married woman is unfairly competing against her bread-winning sister, is persistently evaded. It is a war in which one side has every advantage; an able-bodied man to provide the necessities of life, a home provided by his exertions, money from the same source, the ad-

vantage of immunity from worries about the future, with the means and resources to take rest and holidays; whilst, on the other side, the penniless woman driven by hunger to work is handicapped by the fears and insecurities that every legitimate worker knows. To discuss this question of the supremest and most vital significance in all its bearings would not be possible within the limits at my disposal here; but the standpoint of those who oppose feminism can be expressed under the following propositions:

(1) The married woman helps to increase the competition and congestion of markets already overcrowded. In every branch of work there are legitimate workers who cannot get work, entailing the acutest suffering and the most tragic of conditions. In addition, the position of the partly subsidized (the married) woman complicates conditions and introduces an artificial element, constituting the greatest danger to the already handicapped worker. A result of this, so far as women are concerned, may be seen in the extravagant dress in which the subsidized woman can indulge, placing the woman who has to live upon her earnings and pay for every need at the greatest disadvantage. This is seen in its most tragic form in the profession of the young actress, who if honest cannot compete with the subsidized woman able, if she chooses, to devote her entire salary to dress. The married woman is not wanted in the labour market and her presence increases the sum of suffering and misery.

(2) But there are countless directions where woman's service is wanted, and urgently. The doctor with her desire to do good can offer her services to the nearest orphanage, which the overworked local unpaid doctor will gratefully surrender. There is a crying need for help of this kind, and with a little thought the woman doctor can heal suffering, teach the ignorant poor how to create health in place of disease without doing harm or hurt to another. Problems such as the re-creation of the home, the training of the girl in the handicrafts of the home, with their direct bearing upon marriage, need the best brains of the most intelligent women. There is a crying need for the services of the woman of leisure and culture and ample scope for every type of faculty.

(3) Finally I believe that the finest contribution to the world's progress that a married woman can give is in her own home. The home is at the very core of the nation's life, allowing for sane and sweet and stabilised relations seen under no other conditions; and the finest expression of homekeeping, with its opportunities for the most varied gifts and faculties, affording the environment and influences that mould the nation's citizenship, involves the presence of the wife in the home as its guiding centre.

#### HEARTBREAK SHAW

By JAMES AGATE

FOUR hours of persistent button-holing at the Court Theatre seem to have convinced the dramatic critics that as a simple entertainment 'Heartbreak House' is a failure. But what else it may be they have not tried to find out. They have hurled at the author the quite meaningless epithet of "Shavian"—as though it were his business to be Tchegovian or Dickensian or anybody-elsian except himself—and then run away, like children playing a game of "tick." I have been wondering what there is about Mr. Shaw that he should break so many heads as well as hearts. In and out of season, from his preface-tops, he has proclaimed that he is no leisurely horticulturist, pottering about Nature's garden and pruning it into trim shapes. The tragedy and comedy of life, he has shouted, come from founding our Institutions—and in these he certainly includes our plays—on half-satisfied passions instead of on a genuinely scientific natural history. Well, here is natural history preached with all the fury of the Salvationist. With Shaw fanaticism means the blind espousal of reason, a marriage which, in the theatre,

turns out to be rather a joyless one. What, this disciple would ask, in comparison with truth and reason are such petty virtues as good playwriting, good manners, and good taste? Truth, like everything else, is relative; and what is truth to the sentimental, loose-reasoning playgoer is not necessarily truth to this unsentimental, logical playwright. "A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees." If a man can be partaker of God's theatre, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest, says Bacon. But if truth be the thing of which Shaw will have most, rest is that which he will have not at all. If we will be partakers of Shaw's theatre, we must be prepared to be partakers of his fierce unrest.

But then no thinker would ever desire to lay up any other reward. When Whitman writes "I have said that the soul is not more than the body, And I have said that the body is not more than the soul, And nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is," we must either assent or dissent. Simply to cry out "Whitmanesque!" is no way out of the difficulty. When Ibsen writes a play to prove that building happy homes for happy human beings is not the highest peak of human endeavour, leaving us to find out what higher summit there may be, he intends us to use our brains. It is beside the point to cry out "How like Ibsen!" 'Heartbreak House' is a re-statement of these two themes. You have to get Ibsen thoroughly in mind if you are not to find the Zeppelin at the end of Shaw's play merely monstrous. It has already destroyed the people who achieve; it is to come again to lighten the talkers' darkness, and at the peril of all the happy homes in the neighbourhood. You will do well to keep Whitman in mind when you hear the old sea-captain bellowing with a thousand different intonations and qualities of emphasis: Be yourself, do not sleep. I do not mean, of course, that Shaw had these two themes actually in mind when he set about this rather maundering, Tchegovian rhapsody. But they have long been part of his mental make-up and he cannot escape them or their implications. The difficulty seems to be in the implications. Is a man to persist in being himself if that self run counter to God or the interests of parish, nation, the community at large? The characters in this play are nearer to apes and goats than to men and women. Shall they nevertheless persist in being themselves, or shall they pray to be Zeppelin-destroyed and born again? The tragedy of the women is the very ordinary one of having married the wrong men. But all these men—liars and humbugs, ineffectual, hysterical, neurasthenic—are wrong men. The play, in so far as it has a material plot, is an affair of grotesque and horrid accouplements. It is monstrous for the young girl to mate in any natural sense with a, superficially considered, rather disgusting old man. Shall she take him because he is her spiritual mate? Shaw holds that she shall, and that in the theatre, even, the truth shall prevail over formal prettiness.

It were easy to find a surface resemblance between 'Heartbreak House' and 'Crotchet Castle,' to transfer to our author the coat of arms Peacock found for his hero: "Crest, a crotchet rampant; Arms, three empty bladders, turgescient." The fact that opinions are held with the whole force of belief prevents them from being crotchets. Nor would I agree to "bladders." You have seen those little carts piled with iridescent and splendiferous balloons, some delicately moored, afloat in thin air. So this play of wooden plot and inflated symbol. The cart may plough through ruts, or sink axle-deep in mud; the balloons are buoyant still. Rude urchins may fling dirt—the owner of the cart is not averse, when the mood takes him, from bespattering it himself—the balloons still soar or are made free of the ether. Their vendor is the old sea-captain, a hawk of ideals. As this world goes he is mad. With him we are to climb Solness's steeple all over again, to catch at "harps in the air." To ears not ghostly attuned, he talks a jargon nigh to nonsense; yet through him booms the voice of that restless Force



which is Shaw's conception of God. Happiness is the sleepy pear ripening to decay. This is pure Ibsen. So too is the hymn to appetite and rum, two things from which our author has held himself rigidly aloof. "It is not drunkenness so long as you do not drift; they are drunkards who sleep in their cabins, though they have but drunk of the waters of Jordan." I quote from memory. The old man, with his soul divinely loose about him, has something of the moral grandeur of Job, the intellectual stature of Isaiah. There is pathos in him. "I can't bear to be answered; it discourages me," is the plea of waning power. And still he talks, shunning, postponing severance from life, "seeking to ward off the last word ever so little . . . garrulous to the very last." I imagine this is the one portrait in all the long gallery which the author will "ever with pleas'd smile keep on, ever and ever owning"—the one to which he, here and now, signing for soul and body, sets his name.

The play stands or falls exactly as we get or miss this spiritual hang. As an entertainment pure and simple, it is dull and incoherent—even for Shaw. It has all the author's prolixities and perversities. It has the old fault of combining thinking on a high level with joking on a low one. There is the old confusion of planes. There is the plane upon which the old man and the young girl, spiritual adventurers both, after the manner of Solness and Hilda Wangel, are fitting spiritual mates; but there is also the plane upon which the girl says "I am his white wife; he has a black one already." The play is full of the "tormented unreticence of the very pure." Spirituality chambers with lewdness revealed; beauty beds with nastiness which any but the nicest mind had instinctively avoided. On all planes but the highest these people induce nausea. Throughout the evening Stevenson's "I say, Archer—my God, what women!" came to mind over and over again. "What a captain!" one said in ecstasy, but in the next breath "What a crew!" This, however, was merely the expression of a predilection. Shaw is concerned with the salvation of all his characters. Nowhere in this play do I find him with his tongue in his cheek. I refuse to believe that his Zeppelin is an irrelevant joke, a device for waking his audience up. If I did not take the author to be perfectly serious I should dismiss this play as a senile impertinence. I found it quite definitely exhilarating and deeply moving, and it therefore ranks for me among the great testaments. It was admirably acted. Miss Mary Grey revealed a sweeping tolerance, and filled the eye with splendour. Miss Edith Evans showed insight and enormous competence. And the old captain of Mr. Brember Wills was magnificently distraught—Ibsen and Shaw, Whitman and General Booth rolled into one.

#### THE STRAVINSKY BOMBSHELL

By E. A. BAUGHAN

STRAVINSKY'S letter to M. Diaghilev, praising the beauty of Tchaikovsky's 'The Sleeping Beauty,' a ballet which is to be performed for the first time in London next week, has created a "great sensation" in the musical world. It should be explained to the mere lover of music who does not follow the combats in the press that Stravinsky and the French "six" are supposed to stand for everything that is progressive and "new" in the art of music. Above all, the propagandists of the modern school have written extraordinary things against which they are pleased to call "subjective" music. By that they mean music which is the outcome of the composer's emotion or desire to express himself. Objective music, on the other hand, is music which exists for its own sake, being merely a pattern of sounds making no logical attempt at any design beyond that of the effect of a mass of unrelated groups of notes. Objective music of that type is obviously an imitation of some of the recent modernisms in the art of painting. So far do these modernists carry their theories that the conductor of one of the compositions was recently

blamed for having directed the performance with emotion. In respect of harmony there is, according to these moderns, no such thing as consonance or dissonance. It is argued, with a show of truth, that the equal temperament of the piano, which has become the basis of the musical scale, has made a mere theory of consonance and dissonance. No doubt if you listen to each group of notes as unrelated to other groups that is so. But that means there is to be no logic nor connected ideas of expression in music.

The foregoing is, I admit, a very rough account of the aims of the modernists, but it is complete enough to explain what a bombshell Stravinsky has thrown into the midst of his worshippers. Tchaikovsky is actually praised for possessing "the power of melody, the centre of gravity in every symphony, opera or ballet composed by him." If Stravinsky had praised such an old-fashioned composer as Richard Strauss his letter would have been accepted as an amiable recognition of a master who had been a progressive in his day; even enthusiasm over the third act of "Tristan" would have been viewed as a graceful tribute to the last of the old masters who believed in the logic and emotion of music. But Tchaikovsky was always hopelessly old-fashioned. In Stravinsky's phrase he "worshipped Mozart, Couperin, Glinka and Bizet" (a curious catalogue of influences!) Tchaikovsky was a beauty-merchant in music; his melody is the expression of sentiment and even of sentimentality. Moreover, what are the worshippers of Stravinsky and the French "six" to think of an apostle who aims back-handed blows at them? Not content with expressing his admiration of Tchaikovsky's 'The Sleeping Beauty' (which, between ourselves, is not one of his most inspired compositions) Stravinsky has rapped the knuckles of his disciples with considerable fierceness.

It is, further, a great satisfaction to me as a musician to see produced a work of so direct a character at a time when so many people, who are neither simple, nor naïve, nor spontaneous, seek in their art simplicity, "poverty," and spontaneity. Tchaikovsky in his very nature possessed these three gifts to the fullest extent. That is why he never feared to let himself go, whereas the prudish, whether *raffinés* or academic, were shocked by the frank speech, free from artifice, of his music.

That is really very cruel of Stravinsky, and it would have been still more cruel and more historically accurate if he had written that the "prudish, whether *raffinés* or academic" are shocked by Tchaikovsky's frankness. The reception of this letter by the critics who are not in sympathy with "modernism" in music has been precisely what one might expect. One writer desires to know if Stravinsky has indulged in "bluff." If he means what he says he has blown the bottom out of the modern movement. Arguing from what Tchaikovsky himself wrote of his love for Mozart—that he found consolation and rest in the music of Mozart for his broken and out-of-joint spirit—it is suggested that Stravinsky loves Tchaikovsky for being dissimilar to himself. In the same way Bernard Shaw, whose plays pillory conventional sentiment and possess but little plot, finds solace in the cinema.

All these explanations of Stravinsky's attitude to Tchaikovsky seem to me, however, to be based on a mere misunderstanding of a creative artist's outlook. Stravinsky cannot be held accountable for all that his admirers have written about him. They would have us believe that Stravinsky and the other composers in the movement are the self-conscious exponents of a new art, something that is not music as we know it. That kind of thing makes a good basis for sensational criticism. By very little expenditure of critical talent a man may make quite a name for himself by belittling accepted art and holding up eccentric departures from it as the very last word in aesthetics. I have lived long enough to see that kind of critical passion-flower bud, bloom and fade over and over again. Out-and-out admirers of Wagner in the old days belittled the classic masters; the followers of Richard Strauss were inclined to patronise Wagner, and so on and so forth. But you may search in vain in the writings of Wagner for any belittlement of the great

composers who preceded him. On the contrary Bach, Mozart and Beethoven were his gods. In the same way Richard Strauss is an enthusiastic admirer of Mozart, and, as conductor, has given us splendid performances of the master's music. You will seldom find creative artists belittling the dynasty of their art. That is left for the people who try to explain art. Few creative artists desire to explain themselves. Wagner was, of course, an exception, but he was mainly concerned with explaining the connection of music with drama, a genuine subject for æsthetic explanation. It would indeed be ridiculous of Stravinsky to pretend that he stands alone, unrelated in his art to all that has made it possible. There are his early works to prove the contrary and to show his direct line of descent. Moreover, one may reasonably suppose that in his experiments for the progress of music Stravinsky has had no desire to be eccentric merely. Probably he does not see that there is anything extraordinary in his music at all; to his own mind he is simply carrying out an idea of harmony which has been suggested by the creative musicians who have preceded him. He may be wrong or he may be right. Time will prove that one way or the other. Meanwhile he works, as all artists work, to express his ideas of art. His letter is not really inimical to the aims of the 'modernists' in music. On the contrary, it shows that one of the chief apostles of 'modernism' has an open mind and the courage to express it. It is welcome, too, as a necessary snub to the prudes "whether *raffinés* or academic" who have probably misrepresented Stravinsky's own aims, and it may be imagined they feel a little sore at their master's apparent defection. We, who are not professional disciples of any modern art, are inclined to accept Stravinsky's letter as a sign of artistic sanity, and not at all as a negation of his artistic aim.

#### CONTANGO

By D. S. MACCOLL

MORE prefaces! Sir John and Lady Lavery have so far outsoared the shadow of our night as to be introduced, or shall I say promulgated, by a Cabinet Minister. It would be profane to intervene, all the more that, like other critical matters, this will doubtless be referred to Mr. Lloyd George for final decision.

The preface to the exhibition of the London group is from another camp. Mr. Keynes, who cast a blight on the hope of vast German indemnities, has turned his eye upon the inflated prices of the artistic exchange and recommended that they too should be drastically written down, in some cases as low as £5 for a 'finished oil painting.' Since gallery commission and club subscription and income tax and cost of materials and frame and the drop in money values will reduce this figure to a doubtful £1 for the painter, the estimate is certainly modest. But this side of criticism belongs rather to my colleague of the Financial Supplement. We must get him to deal with pictures in the appropriate terms on the basis of business actually done, and then investors will know week by week how they stand: which of their holdings are below par or at a premium, beared or bulled, slumping or booming.

But Mr. Keynes goes beyond his financial brief, and when he turns from money to artistic values he takes a more rosy view. "I should like to add," he says, "that the London Group includes the greater part of what is most honourable and most promising amongst the English painters of to-day. It would be rash to name any one of them as being secure of permanent fame. But it is not so rash to affirm that it is from amongst their number that posterity will choose those whom it will celebrate as the leaders of English painting in the generation after the War." Mr. Keynes little knows

how hotly his claim for the inclusiveness of the London Group will be contested by other groups or leaders who have at one time or another belonged to it, to speak only of them; nor what a cold douche to its members his caution about their ultimate prospects will prove. The values have been written up so much higher than that, and certificates of immortality very freely handed out. What with Mr. Clive Bell banging the big drum before the booth, Mr. Roger Fry whispering incantations from within, and Mr. Clutton Brock philosophising in his fascinating way upon some peak in the blue distance, our "younger" painters and their French masters have been rocketed up to staggering heights. Mr. Fry, it is true, was unguarded enough in his lecture on architecture to recount and to approve the tyranny of "snobisme" that has been established in Paris, where a collector explained that he was obliged to hang those immortals in his house, though he hated them. From Paris the tyranny has spread; the mannequins of the annual fashions have been solemnly paraded here, each of them warranted to be in the "great tradition," and each of them repeated in sedulous if dowdy imitations. To an innocent eye, turned upon the critical field after a long interval, it is clear that wild inflation has been going on, that a queer jungle of theory has grown up in the last ten years between picture and public, and that a deal of lopping and deflating must be done if we are to talk sober sense about the condition and prospects of our art. Theories are a temptation to which I succumb only too readily, but I also think it not superfluous to look at the pictures. Let us therefore shut our ears against all the charmers, use our eyes, and look.

Or—since it is an ungracious business to pronounce upon the Emperor's clothes after all the courtiers have spoken—let us first of all ask the artists themselves how it is with them. Let us say, "O honourable and promising and leading and perhaps immortal and comparatively youthful painters, are you happy and satisfied?" The answer perhaps will not be clear at once, for much of the day before yesterday lingers; there are strata of fashion. But the prevailing air in the London Group is of the doldrums: the old wind has dropped, the sails are slack; a little breeze begins to stir from another quarter. The leaders are sick of what they have been doing, and are turning their back upon it.

Look at Mr. Duncan Grant, who has been acclaimed as leader-in-chief of this particular band. Already in his Paterson-Carfax exhibition he was at the parting of the ways. There were violent distortions of bodies and of unoffending pots and pans; but there were also pieces in which he had reverted to solid earth with a bump. The 'Nude' (No. 50) in the present exhibition still belongs, though not whole-heartedly, to the Omega period, and never was so sick a picture: in the other two pieces Mr. Grant is on the difficult way back to Alpha. He began, years ago, with a real gift of colour, and only a man who had that gift could have arrived at colour so perversely bad as this, the dirty pink of the flesh against the bile of the sea; and only perverse theory could have brought his early design to this treatment of the nude, in which none of its virtues remain. The quality of the paint is as disagreeable as the rest, and that tells a tale, because oil-paint is apt to turn traitor when it is arbitrarily used. It is difficult to use it arbitrarily enough. Take bits of glass or marble or flat enamel pastes and combine them by a wilful choice of tints, and a harmony may result: but oil-paint is at once too poor in a beauty of its own and too ductile and readily expressive of beauties rendered; it will insist upon some half and half messing, since its power is to pursue tone and colour together, slipping and changing from plane to plane of an object. Throw values overboard, and the medium takes its revenge; turns sulky, dirty, miserable. For half a generation now we have had a dearth of oil-painting, partly because of a dearth of colourists, but partly because of a deliberate refusal to employ the natural powers of the material. Starved and crude, the images obstinately remain in the flat, incapable of a third dimension. In search of it they have been



whacked and mutilated as the priests of Baal cut themselves before the altar in hopes that their offering would take fire. But the god tarries, and the suppliants are tired. Take a 'bus from the Mansard to the National Gallery and look, not at anything overwhelming out of the past of painting, but at the work of a minor French artist not so very long dead, the good Boudin. Because he was obedient to the nature of tone and colour and paint at once, his 'Trouville Harbour' bosoms itself upon the grey depths of air; each note of local colour takes station in that deep, and the dead paint of it comes alive and sings, because it is right. Or go no farther than this gallery, and notice how a shining life touches Mr. Rupert Lee's picture (No. 28), because he has not forbidden the banns of tone and colour. Mr. Grant, baffled in a blind alley, is beginning again. His sketch of 'Notre Dame' (No. 14) is nothing wonderful. In a students' holiday competition it would win some good marks, with a bad one for its casual choice of shapes, but there would be an indefinable sense of "promise" about it, as there is a recovery of colour in its sky and of tone in the relief of the towers.

As with the leader, so with the satellites. Mrs. Clive Bell also had a natural colour instinct—there is a hint of it in the 'Still Life' (No. 45)—but flattering doctrine reduced painting to those easy terms upon which features are needless in a face, or construction in a body. Does not the great Matisse knock off heads in which the eyes have nothing to do with one another? Colour without form is a precarious gift, and in the attempt to add features and hands to a figure, Mrs. Bell reaches a climax of dinginess. So with Miss Lessore, and her clay-coloured people. As for Mr. Fry, we know that he must have been upheld by a lovely and strenuous theory to paint landscapes so dismal: only a conviction that at long last, in dull realism, he was doing the right thing, can have supported him; and next year, or next month, he will be sustained again upon some quite different flight.

It is exasperating to see youth cheated by theory of time and effort. It is all very well for Mr. Fry to sow his wild oats at what others would call late in life. He will always be young and always delightful, and painting for him is a dialectical exercise. But why do the young accept from him and other lawgivers a regime of prohibition: for that is what it comes to. If a great part of a continent can go "dry," it is not, I suppose, surprising that an art should, that a quaker austerity should banish drawing or tone and colour and quality. I see a generation smitten with a teetotal craze, content to ask for a glass of ginger-ale, and that very often flat, when the pipes are running wine. When drink goes out drugs come in. That the drugs and patent medicines are losing their vogue is a cheering symptom, and my advice to the investors in youth is to be patient and keep on backing them; to renew their contango on the very moderate terms offered.

## Correspondence

### RHEIMS

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT)

MY last but one visit to Rheims was in September of last year. I motored with friends through Ardennes villages so sleepy that the people had not thought it urgent yet to get rid of the inscriptions left behind by the Germans: *Kirchplatz* or *Kaserne-strasse* seemed to be at home for ever on the corner-houses. At sundown we passed through a few miles of destruction and after toiling up a few hundred yards the car stopped on the shoulder of the road between the half demolished ramparts of Brimont fort. At our feet, four or five kilometres further down, Rheims lay in perfect stillness with the cathedral towering above

it as of old. Thirty yards from us on the left the emplacement of the battery which used to shoot down at the cathedral was still visible.

Nobody said a word till the machine started off again on the downward journey when one of us, till recently an artillery officer, said he was equal to a discussion of the charge that French observers had used the cathedral as a post, but he was disarmed by people who would believe that the Germans never hit it on purpose.

Ten minutes later we were in the town itself in quest of accommodation. There was hardly anybody in the darkening streets, and when night closed in and no lights were lit, even those few stragglers vanished. We were glad to find rooms in a very shaky private house at the back of the one possible hotel. After dinner we ventured out again. A moon had risen and threw its great glare out of the empty square that had been windows. We soon realised that while the house fronts stood almost everywhere, a mysterious law would have it that almost everywhere too the rest of the house had sunk in. I had observed the same thing at Arras while visiting the English front in 1917. There was undoubtedly more beauty than horror in what we saw, and when we reached the Place Royale and saw the magnificent façade of the Town Hall in the yellow light we could not suppress admiring exclamations.

The scene changed next morning. It was a grey Sunday morning and we went first to the cathedral. Everything had lost the splendour which held us spell-bound the evening before; the ruins seemed smaller and were losing their dignity at every step we took: we felt almost cheated, until a cold hand seemed to grip our hearts and sent up tears to our eyes at the realisation of desolation. There was yet the cathedral to face. I pass Noyon and Saint Quentin at least once a month and am used to the sight of broken arch and maimed tower, but a deeper plaint rose from this burnt and battered wonder, the inside of which was so full of confusion that it could not even be seen.

We were glad to start for Epernay, happy and intact, between the sunshiny slopes where the vintage was ripening, and for once we did not mind the *parvenu* belfries and gilt store houses of the world-famed champagne magnates.

The other day I went again to Rheims, from Paris and by train. A mist was trailing over the country, perversely disclosing it when it was flat stubble, but veiling it again where Meaux cathedral and Crouy castle ought to have shown their tall robust lines. The train worked its cold way through it at great speed and nobody looked up from his newspaper. We seemed to reach Rheims in no time. It was barely half-past nine when we entered the large Canal Station and hundreds of people were emptied into it. The platforms looked cold and north-windy and the grandfatherly American husbands anxiously sheltered their little wives, but lo! on the other side of the square buildings the sun baked and cooked as if it had been August, the mist had conglobed into rich white clouds, blue laughed in the sky everywhere, and a warm breeze played with the dust in the street. Before us stretched a clean new town, no ruins anywhere. Looking towards the left where I expected to see the Porte de Mars I saw the boulevard choked up with three rows of wooden houses made alive by children and chickens; in front the rue d'Erlon, full of cars and lorries, was also a succession of gay-looking wooden houses; on the right stood the Hotel Continental, a broad, capacious expanse of white cement, on the left the Lion d'Or in real stone. Every gay-looking wooden house is a shop; many are pastry shops or tea rooms ready for English people; many display cheap-expensive finery from Paris: all doing the best they can to be attractive, to dissuade the looker-on from thinking too much of the old story. Workmen everywhere, not many—two or three at work in each yard—but the sound of hammering in every direction. In the rue St. Jacques the fine fifteenth century church with a timber roof all complete and a flag flapping at

the top (but the sun had looked in for seven years and the old smell I remember drawing in in New Orleans Cathedral as if it were home lavender, will never be smelled again). Right and left, as I strolled along, stretched long sunny vistas, cut up every now and then by the tall triangle of a house side, but not suggestive of desolation any more, for within a year millions of stones have been scraped clean and wait in orderly cubes to be started on a new career. Were it not for the cellars gaping everywhere and displaying the skill in the handling and varying of vaults which delighted the architects of old, one might fancy one's self in the wide lots hidden in Paris between a new street and a timber yard and being slowly transformed into modern ugliness. There was a little chemist's shop tucked in between two half-gone houses; I went in and bought something, and to my delight the affable little man was *cher comme poivre*, as the phrase went of the apothecaries his predecessors. Overcharging is a healthy sign, and for the first time I understood some American friends of mine who are disappointed whenever they miss it. The little shop was crowded with customers longing for their turn to be fleeced. Moreover there was a continuous string of people everywhere, and nobody looked unhappy. I heard an American woman say to her husband that this bravery made her feel the tragedy more than discouragement might have. The two were standing before a sale notice advertising two "maisons habitables" and there was certainly something heartrending in the optimism of the adjective. But this lady did not know as I did that the Rheims people are not the kind that will sit on ruins mournfully; they lie on things as light as butterflies. A family of Rheims refugees I used to know at Nevers used never to cloud except when they happened to mention their cathedral.

I bumped in the street against an old friend, a native, great grandson of people settled at Rheims from time immemorial, but a man who could make wine at Samarkand when he could not make it on the *montagne de Reims*. He was all smiles and sanguineness, saw no ruins any more, but, on the contrary, saw wonderful chances for artistic city planning. He took me to a spot where the sun shot through the two towers of the cathedral at the same time. "Do you see?" he asked, beaming, "We are going to make a street a hundred feet broad going up which you will see this effect all the time." He told me a great deal: he hinted with a not melancholy smile at some rather brisk litigation going on already, and at a little rebelling against the law natural to every healthy Frenchman. There was satisfaction not resignation in his tone. Clearly he saw a great future for his town and fellow citizens.

I found the same spirit in the custodian of the cathedral: everything there is beginning, not coming to an end. On the whole I felt I had to look happy as long as I was in the old city. Poetizing and dreaming have no place in Rheims to-day and no doubt it is fortunate. But when I was again in the train something else came home to me quite as strongly: good-bye to the Rheims I once knew which gave me the comfortable impression that it had always been there, enter a new Rheims which is sure to give me the other and so frequent impression that everything is new, fragile and short-lived and I had better give up the delusion that I myself can be otherwise than new, fragile and short-lived. There is nothing grandfatherly in the world to-day or at this time of day.

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## Verse

### NUMBER ELEVEN 'BUS

[With acknowledgments to James Elroy Flecker.]

UNDER the golden mist of autumn sun  
The caravan winds out at break of day:  
The Merchant Princes' progress has begun,  
And you may join for twopence all the way.

Mount to your seat and see the traffic press  
Forward and back and on across the plain,  
With gold of health or wealth or loveliness  
To bargain, some for glory, some for gain.

Here stands one strayed from out the close bazaars  
With pedlar's wares, wrought gold and ivory  
charms;

Here one has baskets filled with coloured stars,  
And bears white monstrous lilies in her arms.

See the bright-painted busy pageant squeeze  
And jostle onwards with its varied loads,  
Till, where the mellow mist-encircled trees  
Fringe an oasis at the crossing roads,

Faint minarets and turrets touched with gold  
Gleam from dim summits down to greet the eye,  
Where they stand crowning the temple built of old  
Beneath wide opal vistas of the sky.

So every morn, like pilgrims of the East,  
Forth from Victoria to the teeming Strand,  
Finding in toil a radiant fancy-feast,  
They make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

GERALD BARRY

## Letters to the Editor

### 'THE PROBLEM OF OPERA IN LONDON'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—With the historical part of this article by Mr. Toye in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW of October 8th there is much to agree with: with the critical, it seems to me, very little. The appearance of the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Covent Garden in London has got a good deal to do, it is submitted, with the solution of the operatic problem in London. I suppose it may be said that, as the Carl Rosa Opera Company's principal work—by that I mean the great majority of its performances—is out of London, it is a provincial company. That is quite a different thing from saying that the performances are to be "above provincial level." What is "provincial level"? especially so when the artistes concerned are the same as those performing in London? I have heard very many performances by the Carl Rosa Company, both in London and out of it, and I have not noticed, or expected, a better performance, because in London. The general tradition of the Carl Rosa Opera Company is a splendid one, and none higher or better. The mere mention, from memory, of a few of the artistes who have sung under its banner will prove this. Mesdames Georgina Burns, Julia Gaylord, Emily Soldene, Fanny Moody, Marie Roze, Zélie de Lussan; Sims Reeves, Joseph Maas, Ben Davies, Durward Lely, Barton McGuckin, Sir Charles Santley, Leslie Crotty, and many other famous names, and I think it will be generally admitted that the present artistes worthily follow in their footsteps. The small salaries paid to the singers (the amount of which I am ignorant of) have nothing to do with the artistic merit of the performances which these singers give. Mr. Toye says: "It should not be impossible to give a really good performance of 'Carmen' (a feat I have never yet seen accomplished in England)." As regards the first part of that statement I may disillusion him by saying that I have seen several splendid performances by the present Carl Rosa Opera Company of that



work, with Mr. Boland as 'Don José' and Miss Cranston as 'Micaela'; and also many, by past members of the company, with Madame Marie Roze as 'Carmen,' Miss Fanny Moody as 'Micaela,' and Mr. Lely as 'Don José.' As regards the second part of that statement, allow me to remind Mr. Toye that 'Carmen' was performed for three consecutive weeks at Liverpool, with Madame Emily Soldene as 'Carmen,' and Mr. Lely as 'Don José,' which was, and is still, a record for any one opera in this country. Who was the greatest 'Carmen' who ever lived is, perhaps, not easy to say, but it lies, perhaps, between Mesdames Soldene and Marie Roze; while Mr. Durward Lely, who often sang 'Don José' at Covent Garden, was the finest representative of the Spanish soldier of his own, and perhaps of any, time. I well remember his singing 'Don José' at Covent Garden with Mdlle. Sophia Ravogli as 'Micaela.' Again, as regards the personnel of the Rosa artistes, the Carl Rosa Company can proudly boast of the two greatest representatives of 'Mignon' of any age—Miss Julia Gaylord and Miss Fanny Moody. Both of these ladies sang the title-role of that opera at Covent Garden. Miss Moody's beautiful representation of the village maiden, like her 'Mignon,' still linger in the delighted memory.

Speaking of light opera, your contributor says that "performances should never be allowed to fall below the technical standard of popular successes in musical comedy theatres." Since the retirement from the light opera stage of its four most brilliant artistes, viz.: Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Isabel Jay, Miss Ruth Vincent and Mr. Charles Haydn Coffin, it is difficult to say what that standard is, as there are so few musical comedies now. An eminent critic—all critics are not eminent—referring to Miss Jay's representation in one of these light operas, said that she displayed a voice and talent such as would have adorned the parts of 'Mignon,' 'Marguerite' and 'Juliet,' at Covent Garden; Miss Tempest was also a vocalist in the front rank; Miss Vincent still delights us with her splendid singing in oratorio at the Albert Hall, and, at concerts, elsewhere; while Mr. Coffin had no equal and, as far as I know, has no successor as a light opera baritone. The Carl Rosa Company has earned the gratitude of both London and provincial music-lovers by the musicianly ability of their artistes, and by the excellence of their performances, and deservedly so; and the bookings have increased by 50 per cent. over anything that has ever been known there in connection with the Rosa Opera Company. *Verb. sap.*

Yours etc.,

MUSICUS

[While we sympathise with our correspondent's enthusiasm, we would point out that possibly he and Mr. Toye apply different standards to their judgment of opera. Most of the singers mentioned in this letter we should describe as standing high in the second rank; while "the greatest 'Carmen' who ever lived," although she has sung that part in London and the capitals of Europe, has never sung it in Liverpool or Manchester.—ED. S.R.]

#### THE VIRTUES AND VICES OF THE ANTHOLOGIST

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—Your articles on the virtues—and vices—of the Anthologist are of particular interest to one who lately has had to examine a number of published and unpublished anthologies. Not one of the compilers "restates Palgrave in terms of modern thought." Instead, practically all new anthologists of English poetry are based on Palgrave and repeat him, the collectors of contemporary verse relying similarly on 'Poems of To-day' and the 'Oxford Book of Victorian

Verse.' The compilers show no independence of judgment and no original research. Lazily thrown together and lacking courage, even as evidence of original taste they are valueless and only show how restricted is the compilers' reading and now very unfitted they are for this special branch of book-making. A definite plan, however partial, is essential, and even if the scheme lacks originality it should be carried out with some appearance of individuality, thoroughness, and wider reading than a few similar anthologies.

I was shown recently an attempt at what is well worth doing—a selection of the best occasional poems of the year. The compiler has been too timid or too lazy to draw on more than six periodicals and a dozen contemporary volumes. Another collection of out-door-life poems was almost entirely built up from the admirable anthology by E. V. Lucas. The compiler of a very limited selection of contemporary verse excused her limitations on the grounds not of copyright restrictions but that her little group was fashionable and to go outside it would excite the resentment of the critics of the papers to which her coterie contributed. The commonplace book of an omnivorous reader of verse would furnish a more interesting and arresting anthology than any of the recent examples of the anthologists' lack of the essential qualifications for their self-imposed task.

Yours etc.,

GALLOWAY KYLE.

#### "DEAR LAND OF LIBERTY"

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—Analysis of Mr. Adkin's method shows:

1. The enunciation of a self-evident proposition.
2. The expression of certain personal opinions unproved and apparently unprovable.
3. Arguments based on these and stated with the usual exaggeration.

Of course the crux of the matter is as to the right of an adventitious and curiously motley majority—and there is grave doubt as to there being such a majority—to coerce a minority of nearly equal strength, in a matter of personal habit and opinion. When, further, this is based on the argument that occasional excess in the use of one thing, which is morally justified and in no respect harmful, temperately used, shall be sufficient ground for the said motley majority to determine that reasonable use shall be strictly interdicted, and when it is also recognised that this majority is largely composed of those who desire to prohibit others while reserving to themselves liberty to indulge, a curiously complex situation arises.

The procedure is not novel nor have its devotees much reason for congratulation on its past success. It is merely the process of elimination rather than of reasonable limitation and amendment, the method in short of the Queen of Hearts in 'Alice in Wonderland.' And it is a dangerous method in two ways; first, that it affords a precedent for illimitable extensions by any section (presuming the possession of a mere voting preponderance) which objects strongly enough to any habit or custom which their fellows may be pursuing quite harmlessly, but even worse than this is that where such unnecessary and undesirable enactments obtain statutory force the inevitable result is the growth of an utter contempt for the law intensely more deadly than mere evasion. It is no light thing to legislate in such a way that a large proportion of your people shall feel no shame in ignoring the law, shall in fact never consider the matter as showing any moral obliquity at all.

Which is apparently the position in the States at the present time.

Yours &amp;c.,

JOSEPH M. HULLS

Aldborough, Norwich.

## Reviews

### THE OFFICIAL SEA HISTORY

*Naval Operations.* Vol. 2. By Sir Julian S. Corbett.  
(Official History of the War). Text and maps.  
Longmans. 21s. net.

THE second volume of the official naval history covers the operations subsequent to the battle of the Falklands down to May, 1915, and is largely concerned with the earlier stages of the Dardanelles Expedition. In his preface Sir Julian Corbett states that the Admiralty are in no way responsible for the opinions expressed and have not exercised anything in the nature of a censorship.

The work, none the less, has the defects and the bloodlessness of official history. After a war in which the truth was studiously concealed and even the mildest criticism was sternly prohibited by the censorship when anything went wrong, the plainest speaking was required to illuminate certain of the episodes covered. We do not get it here. Perhaps the fate of the late Colonel Henderson's famous volume, dealing with the political antecedents of the South African war, has served as a deterrent. That official work by one of the finest brains in our army was consigned to the waste-paper basket by officialdom, because of its inconvenient candour. Not less desirable than outspoken criticism was the elucidation throughout of the deeper principles of naval war. The enemy, in the first paragraph of the naval convention between the fleets of the Triple Alliance, approved in November, 1913, and since published by Dr. Pribram, has laid down the sound doctrine as being "to secure the command of the sea by the defeat of the hostile navies." There is nowhere in Sir Julian's volume such a definite enunciation of the truth that the first aim of a fleet is to defeat and destroy the hostile fighting force. As a confused and uncertain doctrine of war was one of the causes of our indecisive victories, the clear statement of principles is important.

We naturally look to an official history to give the facts which bear directly on the conduct of operations. Yet, in the account of the German raid on Scarborough and the Hartlepoons, the casualties inflicted by Admiral Hipper's battle-cruisers at Scarborough and Whitby are not stated, though those at Hartlepool are given. Nor is there information as to the loss inflicted on the *Blücher* by the gallant resistance of the feeble batteries at Hartlepool, which is available from German sources. We know, for instance, that nine men were killed and three wounded by a single hit in the *Blücher*; and that the *Moltke* on that occasion suffered a good deal of structural injury. This is important as showing the capacity of even relatively low-calibre guns, such as the 6-in., in batteries on shore, to engage large and heavily-armed armoured ships. Again, in the account of the battle of the Dogger Bank, there is no statement of the ammunition expended on either side, though that would have been valuable to illustrate the efficiency of varying calibres and fleet gunnery, when taken in connection with the damage inflicted.

The raid on Scarborough and the incidents which accompanied it are treated as "extraordinary luck for the enemy." The fact was that the omission on the British side to concentrate all available fighting force on the Dogger Bank to meet the Germans very nearly resulted in the destruction of a substantial part of the Grand Fleet. The responsibility for this omission must be shared between Jellicoe and the Admiralty. The Germans had on or near the scene of action 20 Dreadnoughts or battle-cruisers. The British had 10. Not without reason did Tirpitz write after the escape of our ships: "Ingenohl (the German Admiral) had the fate of Germany in the palm of his hand: I boil with inward emotion whenever I think of it." Sir Julian might have clinched this quotation, which he gives, by emphasising the principle that whenever

contact with the enemy is to be obtained by any considerable detachment, the whole force of the fleet should be available to support it in any emergency. There is no means at sea by which a weak squadron can save itself from a strong and determined assailant other than running away, and it is not certain, in view of what happened at Jutland (where the 5th battle squadron found itself unable to outsteam the nominally much slower German battle-fleet) that we "had the legs" of Ingenohl. To have dwelt on such disagreeable facts would have been indirectly to censure either the Admiralty Staff or Jellicoe. The value of history, however, lies in its discernment of the abiding truths behind the fallible decisions of man.

The battle of the Dogger Bank was of such importance as a curious prefiguration of what was to happen at Jutland, that it deserved more than 20 pages of 406 in the text of this volume. On both occasions Beatty acted on the principle of going "all out" to destroy the enemy, to whom he was superior in force. As at Jutland he signalled to the battle-fleet an appeal for a turn towards the enemy that would probably have caused the destruction of the German fleet, so at the Dogger Bank, when his flagship was disabled by a concentration of German fire upon her, he signalled to his three remaining battle-cruisers which were almost untouched to "keep nearer to the enemy," two of whose three ships in station were in manifest distress. At Jutland there was no response to his signal. At the Dogger Bank his signal was not read, but an earlier order was taken in and construed as a direction to leave the main German force and wait to complete the destruction of the *Blücher*. This vessel was doomed in any case; she had fallen out of line and was in the midst of the British light craft, which were quite capable of dealing with her.

An officer of strong initiative, familiar with Beatty's ideas (which might be summed up in the words, "Never let go of the enemy till he is sinking"), would not have obeyed the wrong order. He would have remembered Nelson at Copenhagen, put his telescope to the blind eye, "carried on," and "sunk the lot." But the dominant theory at that date in a large part of the Navy was that it was more important to preserve our own ships intact for some future occasion than to destroy the enemy. It was also a most unfortunate fact, illustrating the want of judgment with which appointments were sometimes made by the Admiralty, that the British second-in-command at the critical point was new to battle-cruiser methods and strange to Beatty's teaching. This has been brought out by Mr. Filson Young's 'With the Battle-Cruisers'—a work invaluable for the light it sheds on Beatty's tactical ideas and the spirit of the magnificent force he commanded. Admiral Moore's recent appointment was his only excuse and exculpation. A superb weapon cannot be used by one who has not mastered its capabilities. Lord Fisher was a strong believer in the battle-cruiser, and with reason. But he never seems to have clearly understood the need for complete and thorough training in the tactics of these ships.

The official history does not allude to the manipulation of the official despatch describing the battle, which, because of that manipulation, long remained a complete mystery. Sir Julian should, surely, have drawn attention to the defects disclosed in the action and the absence of any real effort on the part of the Admiralty to remedy them until the loss of three battle-cruisers at Jutland had once more dragged to light the reports and memoranda drawn up by Beatty's staff. That 1154 rounds of heavy British ammunition failed to put all the four German ships out of action was startling and pointed to something wrong with either our gunnery or our projectiles. That magazines were penetrated and that our propellant in silk bags proved dangerously inflammable was an admonition of the need for such changes as were made after Jutland, without any great difficulty. We hope that all these



points are brought out in the Staff monographs prepared for the Navy; they are almost ignored in the official history; nor is there any attempt to establish the responsibility for this neglect of precaution.

The account of the Dardanelles expedition contains a good deal that is new and confirms Lord Fisher's statements as to his own hostility to that operation. We might have looked for sharp censure of the civilian council of war which embarked on such an enterprise in defiance of all its responsible experts, to whom the reports of the Dardanelles Commission were hardly just. Sir Julian's well-known penchant for minor expeditions has perhaps rendered him too tolerant of plans which, considered in cold blood, were gambles. Post-armistice information which he gives as to the mine-defences renders it certain that no naval attack, with strictly limited ammunition supply for the big guns, could have hoped to succeed. In the unswept minefields after our repulse there were 350 mines commanded by powerful batteries; and some 20 mines in one line of mines had been sufficient to sink three battleships and put the *Inflexible* out of action. Lord Fisher was right in hating the whole business, while the instructed soldiers, such as General Callwell, never could understand Lord Kitchener's infatuation for it.

If a naval attack was to be delivered, as Sir Julian wisely points out, *Achi Baba* or some point suitable for "spotting" ought to have been secured. This was perhaps possible before the Turks were on the alert. But with our unfortunate indifference to the teaching of history, probably none of the naval leaders at the Dardanelles remembered the vital importance of the capture of 203 Metre Hill for the operations against Port Arthur, or the still more recent example of Prince Henry Hill at Tsingtau. The Belgian coast bombardments ought to have supplied full evidence as to the impotence of ships against well-mounted guns ashore, even if Hartlepool had not proved it. Was that information supplied to the Navy, or was it kept locked up in some secret safe at Whitehall? The Dardanelles expedition from start to finish is an illustration of the consequences which follow when men ignore all the principles of war. If the Austrian evidence is trustworthy, the expedition had a further disastrous effect in that it kept back from the Carpathians a Caucasian army corps which, resolutely used in early April, 1915, might have penetrated to Budapest.

As this volume is an account of the Navy in action, it is replete with examples of extraordinary gallantry. No fleets in the world's history have ever been manned by such rank and file as carried our ships to battle during the great war. Whatever the defects in the high command and staff, officers and men were unsurpassable. Froude spoke of the daemonic heroism of the Elizabethans, yet at the Dardanelles landings, in the battle-cruisers at Jutland, in the destroyers, in the motor boats, and in hundreds of other episodes of the conflict, our men of the great war rose, if it were possible, to even greater heights of devotion and courage. There are few more deeply moving stories in human annals than that of Captain Loxley of the *Formidable*, typical of the whole service in his spirit, ordering off a vessel that would have brought safety to those on board his submarined battleship because the submarine was still near; encouraging those about him to the last; giving orders in the dying ship as coolly and as cheerfully as if she had been safe in harbour; and remaining with his little terrier on the bridge till he went down with her, leaving a memory that belongs to the ages.

#### RUSSIAN LITERATURE

*A Guide to Russian Literature.* By Moissaye J. Olgin.  
Jonathan Cape. 12s. 6d. net.

THE recent publication of several handbooks to Russian literature is either a sign of considerable

curiosity in that subject or it is part of an attempt to stimulate such curiosity. We confess to a doubt on this matter, which offers an obscurity that continues to deepen. Let us confine ourselves to the handsome volume which lies before us to-day. By whom, for we know nothing of Mr. Olgin, and for what purpose has it been published? The hasty reader may perhaps miss a curious feature of this, as of previous manuals. He will find that it professes to be brought up to date, but that as a matter of fact it tells us nothing whatever about the conditions of Russian literature since the downfall of M. Kerensky. That the book, however, has been put together at a much later date seems proved by the fact that the death of Andreyev, in 1919, is mentioned, but with this exception nothing is told us of what has happened during the last six eventful years. The preface avoids the slightest allusion to the results of Bolshevik rule; it neither defends nor excuses that amazing intellectual earthquake; it simply ignores it. We learn from a casual phrase that the author "was involved in a formidable conspiracy" in 1903, but we ask what has been, what now is, his attitude to the far more formidable conspiracy of Lenin and Trotsky? This is a question which occupies the reader, who resents having the literature of Russia displayed before him as though it were still and now enjoying the most favourable conditions.

If the recent manifestations of Russian authorship, say from 1900 to 1915, were only briefly considered at the end of a general survey, we might comprehend the reason of the extraordinary silence of the author. But it is precisely the latest literature, up to the Revolution, which excites his interest. He passes so rapidly over the early periods that he omits many prominent writers altogether. He has nothing to say about any author precedent to Pushkin, who died in 1837. He entirely omits several novelists whose names have become familiar to the Western world, and in particular Pisemsky and Grigorovitch. He hurries past Turgenev and Tolstoi in six pages each. He does all this that he may hasten to the "Modernists," in whom, it is evident, his enthusiasm centres. Potapenko is entirely omitted, while full attention is given to Remizov, a young writer of horrible tales in which "every man and woman is committing or about to commit some unclean act." Mr. Olgin's 'Guide,' therefore, is mainly an account of the novels published since the beginning of this century, and a complacent account of what has been called, by a Russian critic, their "catalogue of turpitudes." That these novelists, with one accord, led up to the social revolution, is obvious; but what we wish to know, and what Mr. Olgin studiously, and somewhat slyly, refrains from telling us, is what the reverberation has been on themselves and their subsequent writings. From other sources, we know that it has been appalling. The literature of Russia has been flung down headlong into the pit, but is it sympathy with the Soviet tyranny, or fear of it, which makes Mr. Olgin obstinately silent?

By degrees the veil is being removed and we get brief glimpses of the Russian horror. Mr. Bechofer's recent articles in the *Times* and M. Bienstock's report in the current number of the *Mercure de France* form the latest comments on Mr. Olgin's optimistic pictures. The centenary of Dostoyevsky comes to the Mesian which once loved him, and is now silent in the extermination of all that he laboured to encourage. Quite recently forty-five more of the "intellectuals" whom Mr. Olgin celebrates were executed. The latest news is that the most eminent of the younger poets, Blok and Gumilev are gone, the former starved to death, the latter shot by the Bolsheviks on a false charge of conspiracy. Merezhkovsky, one of the few whose books are widely known in the West, has escaped and has just published in Munich a volume on the Bolshevik rule, aptly entitled 'Antechrist.' The poet Ryleiev, who was the Tyrtreus of the Revolution, offended Lenin and has been executed. Murder, starvation and exile have broken the whole fabric of literary life in Russia, but M. Olgin has no more to tell us about it than if this were a

wholly negligible accident. This 'Guide' is like a history of Pompeii which should neglect to mention that there was an eruption of Vesuvius.

We have pointed out the fatal blemish which makes the handbook of Mr. Olgin hopelessly untrustworthy. But it is only fair to add that by those who bear in mind the facts we have mentioned, it may be found of considerable service. It presents one novel and very excellent feature, it gives copious extracts from what the leading Russian critics have had to say about the more recent writers. As we know, in the West, hardly anything about Russian criticism, these citations are useful, although they would be more so if they were not almost exclusively laudatory. Meanwhile, those English people who are still infatuated with the dream of Muscovite communism would do well to turn to 'The Possessed' of Dostoyevsky, and read what that great man predicted of the results of Russian sentimentality, and its incapacity for offering the least resistance to the ruin of social order.

#### POEMS FOR THE YOUNG

*The Fairy Flute.* By Rose Fyleman. Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.

*Public School Verse.* An Anthology. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.

*Dublin Days.* By L. A. Strong. Blackwell. 1s. 6d. net.

HOW many industrious poets have ventured on tip-toe from study to nursery in the hope of catching somewhere in the corridors the demure bird of Poetry for the Young! One hand holds carefully the packet of salt for the other to dip into as the tail flickers by. But so rarely has the bird been caught that we must believe either that few eyes can see him as he passes or that something is wrong with the quality of the salt. When Mr. Sturge Moore attempted Poetry for the Young in his 'The Little School,' the salt was so anæmic (the expression is chemically precise), so sere and brown, that the bird must have mistaken it for the Sands of Time, and flirted a contemptuous tail. When Mr. Robert Graves writes Nursery Poetry, every grain of his salt is so polished, his technique is so unmitigatedly correct, that his salt falls rather with the hard hiss of crystals.

The bird is so difficult to capture because he is so much more than a bird. To the direct eyes of childhood he is flesh and feathers. To eyes more disillusioned or, it may be, heavier with illusion, than theirs, he must also be a spirit, a wind, a shadow. Only the Elizabethans have known the secret completely, whether in the lyrics to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' or in 'Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee.' Both Stevenson and Belloc came close. Miss Rose Fyleman, in the third of her volumes of Nursery Poetry, 'The Fairy Flute,' fulfils just half of the requirements of the perfect Nursery poet; the salt she pours out so prettily in little madrigals and flutings is assuredly capable of arresting that bird of flesh and feathers:

They took me out a-sailing—  
We anchored by the moon;  
The golden door was open wide,  
We saw a garden-ground inside  
Where it was light as noon.  
And fairy folk looked out and spoke,  
"Come in, come in and play!"  
We climbed a little silver stair . . .

And so the captive claps his wings and trills his throat and the whole nursery rocks with delight. But that bird which is a secret and spiritual thing Miss Rose Fyleman's fingers are too housewifely to arrest. That is why she will quickly be superseded, whilst the old nursery rhymes with their dark load of secular significance, remain immortal. But let her chubby fairies dance their rounds and queen it from their mushroom-rooms, even though doom is upon them. Their body is

not of gossamer, but gingerbread. Their spirit is nearer to the Pantomime Fairy's than to Ariel's. That will make them only the more acceptable for a time.

The second collection of Public School poems represents the adolescent raptures of twenty-two establishments from Bradford to Eton. They are poems by the young for the enjoyment, we presume, of the old. It is interesting to discriminate the influences of their elders which these young men have so scrupulously absorbed. Mr. Ross Nichols very creditably recollects, or perhaps even anticipates, a specimen of the aquatic poetry of Mr. Blunden:

The water-vole swims by, dark fur a gleam,  
Bearing a reed, and nibbles in the scum  
And disappears, and with a splash again  
Swims by towards a bank, where recent rain  
Has flattened all the seeding grass. . .

But Mr. Nichols is not content with the quiet waters. He plunges with Mr. Aldous Huxley into the slim swift channels of the octosyllabic couplet. His 'London Town' is altogether an alert and delightful piece of work in the enumerative manner—arc lamps, bland assistants, gold wires sizzling, a distant engine's scream. His skill falters, as we were bound to apprehend—"th' artistic shades" displeases us. It is probable that, like his prototype, Mr. Nichols will betake himself, after further experiment, to the cult of the novel, a form in which his virtues—they are strictly non-poetic—will find fuller scope. The Sitwell mode of merging two sense-impressions into one emotion is practised by Mr. Gill:

Heard on the window, shrill chromatic scales,  
Death, sharpening his finger-nails. . .

The poem of Mr. J. L. Gray suggests that a master rather than a pupil of the Edinburgh High School has sent in that contribution. It is so middle-aged to prolong the anapaestic swoonings of Swinburne:

I have drunk of the wine and must wander  
Till the mountains are fallen and dead. . .

But for our assurance he strikes the quite indubitable note of adolescent poetry with a line so cadaverous as "Clammy shapes that were maidens in bloom."

The most original poet of this collection is Mr. P. C. Quenell, who sings out of the entranced greenery of Berkhamstead. Serenely unacquainted as he must be with the precepts of the Imagistes—this poet of fifteen was writing poetry as mature as his present contributions several years ago—he has put them into practice with more success than Mr. Aldington, H.D., or the argumentative Mr. Flint. His vers-libre responds precisely to the movement of his elfin sensation. His language has not fallen under the evil eye of cliché. You may endeavour to flee from the accuracy of his epithets, but it will overtake you. His Three Beasts, for instance, "like to think they're that smooth pied egg all Time's intent on hatching," because it gives them "a replete and golden feeling." The "wind-pushed squeak of trees," the "lop-sided bird" on the "blue knock-kneed palings," fill us with alarm lest Mr. Quenell ever be tempted to believe that birds may not be lop-sided, that palings can be other than knock-kneed.

Mr. L. A. Strong is another Poet of the Nursery. But his audience will be balder than Miss Fyleman's and possess fewer teeth. We can only imagine his ironic rhymes mumbled fitly by a chorus of Thomas Hardy greybeards in a cemetery of the Wessex uplands. Each of his 'Epitaphs' and 'Dublin Days' condenses with skill a grizzled and embittered thought:

Bill Jupp lies 'ere, aged sixty year;  
From Tavistock 'e came.  
Single 'e bided, and 'e wished  
'Is father'd done the same.

He is among the most real of the Oxford poets at a period when for the first time in their history mere comparison with them is not dispraise. These are mainly gallant verses; but such a poem as 'The Bird



Man' is a reaction to the decorative futility from which Oxford poetry, with such fierce labour, is now at length emerging.

#### PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

*An Introduction to Philosophy.* By Wilhelm Windelband. Translated by Joseph McCabe. Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.

*Studies in Christian Philosophy.* The Boyle Lectures, 1920. By W. R. Matthews. Macmillan. 12s. net.

PROFESSOR WINDELBAND'S book is an ambitious undertaking. It is an attempt in a volume of 350 odd pages both to cover the whole field of philosophy in a manner which will make its problems intelligible to cultivated people not expert in its technicalities and at the same time to commend the author's own view as to the significance of philosophy for life. The result, in the case of a writer of such immense learning, is necessarily something of a *tour de force*. In spite of the care with which the subject matter is arranged into a clear scheme and abstruse language is either avoided or explained, the obscurity of compression inevitably substitutes itself at times for the obscurity of technicality; and the layman in philosophy will find himself bewildered, the expert unconvinced. How could it be otherwise in a work where the problem of free-will is treated in 5 pages and the whole philosophy of aesthetics in 22? Nevertheless the book is a coherent whole of profound and accurate thinking, many of the old philosophic problems are stated in a fresh and illuminating way, and the author has a rare gift for explaining how different schools of philosophic thought arise and sketching in a few sentences their essential relations to and differences from one another.

His treatment follows the now almost inevitable dichotomy of philosophy into questions of theoretic knowledge and questions of value, which are here called by the cumbersome but otherwise convenient term "axiological." It is based on the fundamental fact that, as the author excellently puts it, "the propositions which we enunciate are either *judgments* or *verdicts*." Under the first head are considered problems of being and substance, of development and "becoming" in space and time, and of truth and the validity of knowledge. Under the second head are treated ethics, aesthetics and religion. Prof. Windelband sees clearly, however, that the concept of value travels beyond all the special departments of human thought and activity, and becomes the category by which we synthesize the whole. Truth, after all, is itself logical value. Logical, ethical and aesthetic values cover the whole field of values and correspond to the three provinces of the psychic life, presentation (cognition), will and feeling. Religion, with its concept of the sacred, does not itself stand for a specific set of values, but is that which relates all the others to a supra-sensuous reality in which they find their harmony and ground (page 323). Thus

philosophy is never detached from ideas of value. . . . It has always claimed the right to conceive the world in such fashion that beyond all the unsatisfactoriness of its phenomena, in its deepest depths, the appreciations of value are the living reality of the mind. Metaphysics is the hypostatization of ideals. (p. 40).

There remains, however, in the author's mind an irreconcilable dualism between the temporal world of facts and the eternal world of ultimate values. The ideal constructions of metaphysics, calling in the aid of religious faith, may lift the soul into the realities of another world; they cannot explain either the appearance or the *raison d'être* of this one. Thus, while Windelband is constrained to admit the fact of the strivings of the human will after the realisation of the ideal in this mixed world of time and space and history, he cannot see their value. True, without the opposition between the ideal and the actual there would be nothing for the will to do; but then why should the will have to persist in its apparently hopeless task? Contemplation is the

better part, in which "the values of eternity are revealed." So in the end the author forsakes Christian for Hellenic idealism.

Mr. W. R. Matthews's Boyle Lectures are a work of much more limited scope and intention. They are an attempt to set forth the general philosophic postulates of Christian theism. They aim not at proving directly the truth of the Christian doctrine of God, but rather at presenting it as philosophically "a live option"—at answering the main intellectual objections, and stating the main arguments in its favour. In his preface the author promises a further series of lectures on Revelation and Incarnation. The present volume is essentially preliminary to an intellectual exposition of the Christian faith as a whole. As such it is an interesting and important piece of work. In conjunction with three recent sets of Gifford Lectures (Prof. Pringle Pattison's, Prof. Sorley's, and Prof. Webb's) it marks a reaction in English philosophy towards an essentially Christian conception of God which is worthy of more serious attention than it has generally received. Mr. Matthews's book has the advantage of being less technical and difficult than those of the other philosophers mentioned, though of course it does not attempt to cover the same extent of philosophic ground, while it relates its conclusions more explicitly to the traditional faith of the Christian Church. Like the others, however, Mr. Matthews lays strong emphasis on the impressive fact of man's consciousness of moral values and their validity. It is really on the validity of these values that the modern argument for theism mainly rests. The consideration of their nature may enable us to go beyond Professor Windelband in relating the actual world of time and history to the eternal world of the ideal. He is obliged in the end to turn away from this world altogether in the search for reality, just because he places a higher value on contemplation than on moral activity. But if the highest value of which we can be conscious is the love which can only fulfil itself through the moral struggle against evil and through the self-sacrifice involved by it, we can go much further than he does in making sense of the universe as a whole. Further, we begin to see in principle why evil itself is our element in a world whose end is the good, a paradox which all other philosophies must leave as an ultimate and insoluble antinomy.

But perhaps Mr. Matthews's most original contribution to his subject is an illuminating discussion of the Christian idea of creation. He here criticizes a formidable consensus of philosophic opinion, in which even Prof. Pringle Pattison would join, that we cannot think of God creating or causing the existence of spirits which themselves have the power of free-will and real creation. He makes an apparently successful attempt to show from our experience that such an idea is quite conceivable as well as essential to Christianity, while at the same time he rejects the traditional doctrine of a creation of the world in time. Attention may also be drawn to Mr. Matthews's discriminating attempt in Lecture II. to answer the much-asked question, What is Christianity? The least satisfactory part of his work is his criticism of Absolute Idealism, wherein he merely repeats the stock arguments of its opponents without any attempt to recognise the value of its essentially religious inspiration.

#### Fiction

*Youth and the Bright Medusa.* By Willa Cather. Heinemann. 7s. net.

AMONG the abundant autumn harvests of fiction, here stands out a real book; one that would have been perfectly safe from inclusion in Lamb's *biblia a-biblia*; and it is an agreeable relief to escape from the general level of the slipshod, the amateurish, or the glib into the work of an author who knows, loves and respects her craft. Oddly enough, the weakest part, by far, of this collection of eight stories, is the opening of the first one. Had other distractions been at hand,

one might well have laid the volume aside, after glancing through the first fifty pages or so, and forgotten ever to take it up again. The 'Vie de Bohème' flavour of this account of the amour of a painter and a singer is more than a little stale, the improprieties rather too deliberate; while the whole feeling of the excremental ballooning scene on Coney Island is suggestive of the cinema. It is all quite lively and nicely written, and beyond that nothing. One's interest is chiefly aroused by an engaging portrait of a bull-terrier. There is hardly a hint of how good the close of this very tale is going to be; still less of the merits of the remainder of the book. Granted that the author haunts the mouldering lodges of the past with some persistence, where poetical effects are more easily obtained than in more luminous places. Her choice of the reminiscent method is perfectly legitimate. Turgenev and Maupassant, to whom she owes so much, both made a free use of it in some of their most moving work; and Willa Cather is peculiarly successful in her exploration of these regions. The luxurious melancholy of old memories, of the enthusiasm and poignant joys and griefs of youth, clings to her pages. We should have been sorry not to have persevered in their reading.

Charm however, though perhaps the chief of the author's weapons, stands by no means alone. In her armoury are a keen appreciation of the characters of her world—largely the world of the artist and dilettante—a deep knowledge of the human heart, and a delicate sense of beauty. In 'The Diamond Mine' we have a most sympathetic and humorously touching account of the life of a famous singer; a hard working, easy going, amiable woman, accidentally possessed of a glorious voice; preyed upon by her greedy and ineffective family, and other hangers-on; the victim of a series of disastrous marriages; yet always genial, always incurably optimistic, despite her many disillusionments. 'The Gold Slipper' and 'Scandal' introduces us to a *prima donna* of another type, younger, shrewder, greatly more of an artist—the fascinating Kitty Ayrshire. 'Paul's Case' is a tragic study of a boy born into the wrong environment, or perhaps into the wrong world altogether. 'A Death in the Desert' shows the havoc that may be wrought, without actual intention, by a careless, life-loving man, when he possesses that singular attractiveness for almost every kind of woman which is fortunately rare among men. 'The Sculptor's Funeral' and 'A Wagner Matinée' are only sketches, but sketches of uncommon sharpness and accomplishment; indeed the whole collection is one that can be often re-read, and with increasing admiration. Willa Cather is announced by her publishers as one of the best of the short-story writers of the United States. We have no reason to doubt the statement; and it is an ideal pleasure to find that she confines herself to the speech common to her country and ours, avoiding that constant use of ephemeral slang which makes many American books so puzzling and jarring to English readers.

*Venetian Lovers.* By Philip Gibbs. Hutchinson. 8s. 6d. net.

*Thirteen All Told.* By Beatrice Harraden. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

*Latchkey Ladies.* By M. Grant. Heinemann. 7s. net.

GIVEN a post-war international situation, a restaurant in a foreign city, a group of Greek and Armenian merchants, a young French staff officer in uniform, a Russian General, three greasy Poles, four chattering Austrian girls, and seven Levantine Jews with their womenfolk, and Sir Philip Gibbs will treat us to any number of fairly good short stories. But he must have his "properties," to give an effect of a gay motley shifting cosmopolitan crowd. For he is still a journalist, sincere, brilliant, humane—and his tales do not cause that quick

gasp of amazed pleasure at the end, which is our involuntary tribute to perfect achievement. The plots are rather commonplace; and the characters too subordinate to an atmosphere always semi-political. By far the best of them is the 'Madonna of the Hungry Child,' in which art and reality are pitifully mingled to show us how an aristocratic young Viennese girl of to-day is careless how she steals from a friend or sells herself in a café of "light music and lighter love," if thereby she can squeeze a little food for her brothers and sisters from the laughing desperate City of Death. 'A Chateau in Picardy,' too, is an ironic revelation of how the French of the ruined villages "cherish" the memories of the English officers who were once billeted on them. The author of 'Venetian Lovers' can as little bear that a stray illusion about the war should be at large in England, as St. George could have borne unmoved the tidings of a dragon he had overlooked.

Miss Beatrice Harraden, in another volume of short stories, 'Thirteen All Told,' is equally dependent on a supply of "properties," but hers are entirely sentimental: a broken fiddle, an old house haunted by children's voices, a clarionet-player and the portrait of a dead wife and the little grey home in the west . . . all good things in their way, but in this instance with a slight mustiness arising from them, which might well be the aroma of old-world fragrance on the turn. And surely two normal twentieth-century men in bluff and hearty conversation do not express themselves with such phrases as: "Mine has been the fault all through" and "You put a brave heart into me!" On the whole 'Thirteen All Told' is a book of which you might well say, reversing a stereotyped compliment, that once put down, it is impossible to pick up again. Stacy Aumonier, Katherine Mansfield and John Russell have set too high a standard of short stories, within the last year, for us to be as easily satisfied as of old.

'Latchkey Ladies' is a novel belonging to the "New Daring" group. We have had, in drama, the New Sin, and also the New Morality; the New Daring is in the frank and defiant discovery that defiance itself is out-of-date for a woman; that it is old-fashioned to desire emphatic independence; and that what her forlorn spirit most desperately wants is a husband, home and child. Girlish dreams are of good wearing material, after all. "What the serpent really tempted Eve with," Anne Carey said gloomily, "was a latchkey." Anne Carey is the heroine of the novel—and the only dull person in it. This is so often the heroine's fate. Perhaps because the exigencies of plot compel her to have misfortunes—there are no books to be written about happy people—and misfortunes induce meditations, and meditations . . . well, anyway, Anne is dull. But the other superfluous women of all ranks and ages are remarkably vivid studies in discontent and restlessness. Especially that grubby beautiful lying little guttersnipe without a soul, Petunia Garry, whose love affair and subsequent marriage with the infatuated Robert Wentworth make the gem of the book. Major Wentworth is of ponderously good family, so that—"if after marriage she tripped up among the Anglo-Saxon roots of her relations-in-law, Robert would have only himself to blame."

The author may be accused of dragging in accounts of wartime work in a Canadian office, and teaching in a children's school, because these experiences are palpably her own, and she is unable otherwise to rid herself of them—which is only as much excuse as serving mint-sauce with dressed crab because there happened to be some mint in the larder.

*Poor White.* By Sherwood Anderson. Cape. 8s. 6d. net.

THE American author of this novel tells the story of the rapid development of a town in Ohio, and more particularly of the part played in that development by Hugh McVey. McVey was born in a "little hole of a town stuck on a mud bank on the western



shore of the Mississippi River in the state of Missouri," dragged up motherless by a drunken father in surroundings of unparalleled squalor, and left to his own devices at the age of eleven. His manner of existence as a child had left him lazy and lethargic, with a slow, stupid mind. But while he was apprenticed to the local stationmaster, during which period he lived "in," he learnt from that worthy's wife how to read, write and add, and stimulated by her interest in him and her tales of fair cities in the eastern states whence she came, set himself to conquer his laziness and overcome the stigma conveyed in the name "poor white trash" conferred upon him and his like. The story of his lonely progress, of how he was misunderstood by men and himself misunderstood women; how the studies which he undertook merely to occupy his wandering mind led eventually to his invention of agricultural machinery that made his name and fortune and those of the town in which he settled; how he at length married, and of his misconception but final understanding of matrimonial complexities, are here told vividly and well, with much clever and concise character drawing. The picture of the little settlement of Bidwell which suddenly sprang into a large town and of the petty jealousies and intrigues of its dollar-scrambling inhabitants is divertingly drawn. It seems improbable, nevertheless, that a youth so congenitally dull-witted should have developed as he did, and become an inventor of mechanical appliances. Nor is our incredulity lessened by the diffidence that marked his relations with women, or his altogether unbelievable ignorance of sex and childlike wonderment at its manifestations. Life in such surroundings as were his lot does not leave the simplest person so innocent and ingenuous as he somehow contrived to remain. Far truer and more subtle is the description of the adolescence of Clara—whom Hugh eventually married—and of the manner in which, by accident at first, then by design, knowledge came to her. The whole novel is well-written and thoroughly worth reading.

## Shorter Notices

*The Fifth Division in the Great War.* By Brigadier-General A. H. Hussey and Major D. S. Inman. Nisbet. 15s. net.

General Hussey tells us the story of one of the old Expeditionary Force divisions which fought in every great battle from Mons to the Armistice and in four-and-a-half years of war was engaged on almost every sector of the British front between Ypres and the Somme, including a diversion to Italy, which came as a welcome change from the mud and strain and heavy casualties of the Third Battle of Ypres.

What Britain owes to those old Expeditionary Force divisions can never be over-estimated. General Hussey says, speaking of the first sixty days of the war, "the men fought stubbornly, lost trenches were recovered, heavy shelling, wet, and exhaustion were borne unflinchingly, and a standard of human endurance established that no one hitherto thought possible." Thus was the standard set to which the Territorial and New Army divisions so nobly conformed when in their turn they came across the water to face the manifold horrors of modern war.

General Hussey's account of operations in which the Fifth Division took part is clear, concise, and easy to follow on the numerous maps with which this book is provided. We would draw special attention to the fighting by which the Fifth Division saved the situation in front of the forest of Nieppe in April, 1918, and stopped the German thrust on Hazebrouck, as an example of how important a rôle a good division can play when led by a first-rate commander who knows his own mind.

*The Thirteenth Hussars in the Great War.* By Sir Mortimer Durand. Blackwood. 42s. net.

In 'The Thirteenth Hussars in the Great War' Sir Mortimer Durand and his publishers are to be congratulated on having produced a sumptuous and worthy memorial of the deeds of a regiment which was one of the few of our cavalry regiments to make a mounted attack in the Great War. During General Maude's advance on Baghdad in 1917 the 13th Hussars charged the Turks at Lajj, losing more men than they did in the famous

charge of the Light Brigade at Balacava. Again, at Tekrit, in the autumn of the same year, two squadrons of the 13th charged Turkish trenches in close co-operation with an infantry attack in circumstances which are deserving of examination by students of cavalry tactics. We suggest, for their consideration, that if the mounted attack at Tekrit had been carried out by the whole of the 7th Cavalry Brigade, supported by the 6th Cavalry Brigade, the consequences might well have been the surrender of two Turkish divisions, and that the losses incurred would have been less than those suffered by an infantry brigade in a normal assault. The opportunity was offered for close battlefield co-operation of all three arms on a considerable scale: the 13th Hussars played their part well, but there seems to have been a failure elsewhere to realise the possibilities. As a model of how cavalry should be used in such a theatre of war as Mesopotamia, we invite the reader's attention to the account of the operations in which the last Turkish Army in the field was destroyed by the 1st Indian Army Corps and two cavalry brigades, the whole under command of Lieut-General Sir Alexander Cobbe, V.C. The last scene of the last act of the Turkish tragedy was the storming by the 13th Hussars of Richardson's Bluff during the battle of Kala Sherghat, which effectually isolated the Turkish Army from possibility of relief. This bold and well-conceived attack succeeded fully because fire and movement were adequately combined to bring the regiment rapidly in position to dismount close to the enemy and make the bayonet attack which overwhelmed him.

*Fifty Years of Electricity.* By J. A. Fleming, F.R.S. Wireless Press. 30s. net.

This work is intended by its author to place before the general reader a survey of progress in electricity and to serve as a handbook to junior students. The latter class will, no doubt, find convenient the amply illustrated conspectus of inventions in this somewhat bulky volume; it would be even more useful if there were a list of the hundred odd plates and hundred-and-sixty figures in the text, which are not numbered consecutively, but in a series that begins afresh with each chapter. The general reader will here and there feel the lack of a glossary of technical terms, unless he is of a mechanical turn of mind and already familiar with the subjects dealt with, which are telegraphs and telephones, lighting, heating, and power, together with forty pages on theory and measurements; but it needs no technical knowledge to follow with interest most of the tale told by the author, who played a large part in the developments which it chronicles.

The first chapter of *The Lures of London*, by Sophie Cole (Mills & Boon, 5s.) prepares the reader for the worst. But the author, having, as he says, mounted her hobby-horse "with glee," is so evidently enjoying herself that she may almost be forgiven. She gives her impressions and experiences of London in the form of letters written by an old bachelor, "the Honourable George" to his Agatha. In these letters he describes his wanderings, accompanied by his landlady; and, though Agatha is undoubtedly to be pitied, she may, with the help of a lively sense of humour, have found something to amuse and entertain her in the somewhat wordy and facetious epistles of which the book exists.

To those who practise or take interest in the embroiderer's art, *Samplers and Stitches*, by Mrs. Archibald Christie (Batsford, 25s. net) will be a delight. It is a comprehensive work, going fully into details of stitch, fabric, and design. It is attractively illustrated, some of the reproductions of samplers being particularly pleasing, and there are a great many diagrams of the different stitches with practical instructions for their working. Books on needlework other than mere catalogues or advertising pamphlets are few enough to make the appearance of any serious work on the subject welcome. Doubly welcome, therefore is a careful, authoritative, and tasteful volume like this to which Mrs. Christie and her publishers have obviously devoted much care. It would make a charming present for women (are there any left?) who like to enrich their homes with patient and elaborate needlework.

*The Economic History of Ireland from the Union to the Famine*, by G. O'Brien (Longmans, 21s. net) is a very complete and on the whole impartial account of the conditions of Irish economic life during the first half of the nineteenth century. It was in these years that the foundations of discontent were laid, and that the English Government, believing in all good faith that measures which were of advantage to farmers and manufacturers in this country would be of equal benefit to Ireland, made its greatest mistakes. Dr. O'Brien has made an exhaustive study of the pamphlet literature of the period, and though he may sometimes attach too much importance to them as statements of fact, they are invaluable as representing opinion. We are glad to see an account of the short-lived but very important Ralabine experiment, which might have anticipated the work of Sir Horace Plunkett by half a century in the region of agricultural co-operation. The dismal tragedy of the famine is admirably recounted, and the story of the cur-

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rency troubles, till in 1826 the difference between English and Irish money was abolished, is not without interest and instruction for the financiers of to-day who are struggling with the difficulties of depreciated paper money. Dr. O'Brien is in his writing as free from political bias as an Irishman can be, and his book should receive careful attention from everyone who takes an interest in the settlement of Irish affairs.

The collection of tapestries owned by the Spanish Crown is renowned for its matchless wealth in masterpieces of the loom, the greater part of them in a state of dazzling freshness, as if untouched by time. It is, however, for reasons that will be evident, but little known and has been little illustrated. On that account *The Spanish Royal Tapestries*, by Albert F. Calvert (Lane, 15s. net), in which a considerable selection of these wonderful hangings is reproduced, is an acceptable addition to 'The Spanish Series' to which it belongs. But its value is not a little impaired by the fact that the illustrations, although on the whole well executed, are unhappily in most cases too small to serve as more than a mere index of subject and design. The text of the book, moreover, like so many of its predecessors, suffers from carelessness and want of scholarly method; and its information is uncertain. The remarkable statement that "the Golden Age of mediæval tapestry opened in the thirteenth century when Raphael began his cartoons" will, however, be sufficient to put most readers on their guard.

*The Ghost Girl*, by Mary Marlowe (Collins, 7s. 6d. net), is an Australian story, a very creditable production for a first novel. It is a little unsophisticated, its hero is too heroic, and its heroine is of the kittenish order; but the author has not succumbed to the temptation to make the English aristocratic visitor ridiculous, even if he is to be the temporarily successful rival of the hero. It is well worth reading for the atmosphere of Australia alone, to say nothing of a quite respectable story and some skill in writing.

*The Fool*, by H. C. Bailey (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net) is an attempt to set forth the character and achievements of the first of the Plantagenets, Henry II., in the form of a series of short episodes in which his court jester plays a leading part. It was Henry's task to establish the reign of law in England, and in doing so he came into collision with Becket, who duly appears in these stories. Historically, the author gives an able portrait of the men and the times, and as his adventures are interesting and his fighting good, while the Wardour Street element is reduced to a minimum, we must congratulate Mr. Bailey on a great success in a difficult task.

*Joab the Lover*, by Dorota Flatau (Hutchison, 8s. 6d. net), is pure melodrama from start to finish. The son of a Highland chieftain with some Spanish blood falls under the spell of a gypsy beauty, runs away with her, and becomes a noted pirate. At last he is captured, and after some scenes between the gypsy and the Prince Regent, Joab the Lover is liberated and returns to the Highlands. The book is uncontaminated by a single touch of observation or realism.

*Prisoners of State*, by E. Shaw-Cowley (Lane, 7s. 6d. net) is an argument, in the shape of a story, for allowing children born in adultery to be legitimised by the subsequent marriage of their parents when they are free to do so. "Nolimus leges Angliæ mutare," a resolution six centuries old on the subject, is, it appears, no longer to the mind of our reformers. As a story it is quite up to the level of the late Mr. Garvice.

*Renewal*, by M. E. Francis (Allen & Unwin, 8s. 6d. net), describes life on a farm after the war. An attractive and able young lady, engaged as a land-girl, not only establishes her position but conquers the affection of the young farmer and of his mother. But at the last moment the past comes between them, and only after much tribulation are the young couple brought together. It is a well-told story—from the Roman Catholic point of view.

*What Woman Wishes*, by A. M. Ludovici (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d. net), tells how a great revival of a Tory-Nietzschist party was first set on its feet by the adhesion of "Jimper," a sturdy Cockney girl from Notting Dale, and then nearly destroyed by the passion of its leader, Lord Chiddingly, for her. The situation is saved by Chiddingly's father, whose appeal to Jimper brings about the final catastrophe. The book will be found amusing by those who are interested in politics and do not take them too seriously.

Messrs. Sotheby are selling next week (Nov. 7—No. 10) the fifth portion of the stock of the late Mr. W. J. Leighton, consisting of a few manuscripts, some early printed books, a number of fine bindings, an exceptional number of important contributions to English literature from the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries, and some early French literature. Among the more notable of these are first editions of the Brontës, a set bound uniformly; first editions of Sir Walter in original state; a copy of the 1538 English New Testament, a very rare book; Palgrave's *L'esclarcissement de langue française* (1530); Adamson's 'Muse's Welcome,' a royal dedication copy; Boccaccio's *Fall of Princes* (1527), and several other of his works; Daniel's Works (1623); Grafton's Chronicle (1569); James I.'s *Dæmonologie* (1597); the 1674 quarto 'Macbeth,' and others. The MSS. are a Bullarium, a Brut, and 14th cent. Horæ. There are comparatively few Incunabula, the greater part of the books belonging to the first half of the 16th century—a period to which collectors are beginning to turn their attention.

## Books Received

### ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

- CHARLES EISEN. By Vera Salomons. Eighteenth Century French Book Illustrators. Bumpus: 28s. net.  
COLLECTED PAPERS OF SIR A. W. WARD. Vol. III Literary (1). 31s. 6d. net. Vol. IV, Literary (2). 31s. 6d. net. Vol. V, Travel and Miscellaneous. 36s. net. Cambridge University Press.  
ESSAI SUR L'ART DÉCORATIF FRANÇAIS MODERNE. By Gabriel Mourry. Paris: Librairie Ollendorff: fr. 15.  
HELLENISM AND CHRISTIANITY. By Edwyn Bevan. Allen & Unwin: 12s. 6d. net.  
LAUREG. By GUSEV COQUIGOT. Paris, Librairie Ollendorff: fr. 15.  
LETTERS TO MY GRANDSON ON THE WORLD ABOUT HIM. By the Hon. Stephen Coleridge. Mills & Boon: 4s. net.  
SCULPTURE OF TO-DAY. Vol. II. By Kington Parkes. Chapman & Hall: 24s. net.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- AN ADMINISTRATOR IN THE MAKING. By James Saumarez Mann. 1893—1920. Edited by his Father. Longmans: 16s. net.  
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIAN PRINCESS. By the Maharani of Cooh Behar. Murray: 12s. net.  
CRICKET AND CRICKETERS. By Colonel Philip Trevor. Chapman & Hall: 12s. 6d. net.  
DAYS AND WAYS OF AN OLD BOHEMIAN. By Major Fitzroy Gardner. Murray: 16s. net.  
D. A. THOMAS, VISCOUNT RHONDA. By His Daughter and Others. Longmans: 21s. net.  
FROM WATERLOO TO THE MARNE. By Count Pietro Orsi. Collins: 15s. net.  
OTHER DAYS. By J. W. Leigh. Fisher Unwin: 18s. net.  
THE COLLECTED HISTORICAL WORKS OF SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE. Vols. VI, VII and VIII. Edited by his Son, Sir R. H. Inglis Palgrave. Cambridge University Press: 42s. net each.  
THE INFLUENCE OF THE SEA ON THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF JAPAN. By Vice-Admiral G. A. Ballard, C.B. Murray: 18s. net.  
THE INNS AND TAVERNS OF "PICKWICK." By B. W. Matz. Cecil Palmer: 10s. 6d. net.  
THE PRIVATE CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. By Frederick Chamberlin. Lane: 18s. net.  
THE TRUTH ABOUT BURNS. By D. McNaught. Glasgow, Maclehose Jackson: 7s. 6d. net.  
TWENTY YEARS IN ROUMANIA. By Maud Parkinson. Allen & Unwin: 10s. 6d. net.  
WHILE I REMEMBER. By Stephen McKenna. Butterworth: 21s. net.

### SOCIOLOGY

- MILITARISM AFTER THE WAR. By Dr. V. H. Rutherford. Swarthmore Press: 6s. net.  
RELATIVITY AND GRAVITATION. Edited by J. Malcolm Bird. Methuen: 8s. 6d. net.  
SEX AND COMMON SENSE. By A. Maude Royden. Hurst and Blackett: 4s. 6d. net.  
THE ECONOMICS OF EVERYDAY LIFE. By Sir Henry Penson. Part II. Cambridge University Press: 4s. net.  
THE PRESENT LAW OF ABUSE OF LEGAL PROCEDURE. By Percy H. Winfield. Cambridge University Press: 18s. net.  
THE PROCESS OF MAN'S BECOMING. By "Quæstor Vitæ." Duckworth: 8s. net.  
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SOCIETY. By Morris Guisberg. Methuen: 5s. net.  
WOMEN IN THE SOCIALIST STATE. By Mrs. H. M. Swanwick. International Bookshops: 3s. 6d. net.

### VERSE AND DRAMA

- ANGELS AND MINISTERS. By Laurence Housman. Popular Edition. Cape: 3s. 6d. net.  
AZRAEL. Chelsea Publishing Company: 2s. 6d. net.  
FAREWELL TO POETRY. By W. H. Davies. Cape: 2s. 6d. net.  
HYMEN. By H. D. The Egmont Press: 3s. net.  
I BIHESAIL. A Book of Lyrics. By Daniel Corkery. Elkin Mathews: 5s. net.  
IN MANY KEYS. By Millicent Wedmore. Elkin Mathews: 3s. 6d. net.  
SELECTED POEMS OF YONE NOGUCHI. Elkin Mathews: 12s. net.  
THE HAPPY HILLS. By David McEwen Osborne. Bryce: 3s. 6d. net.  
THE POEMS OF WILLIAM BLAKE. Edited and Arranged with a Preface by John Sampson. Chatto & Windus: 15s. net.

### FICTION

- BREAKERS ON THE SAND. By Winifred Graham. Hutchinson: 8s. 6d. net.  
COMPENSATION. By Mrs. Henry Head. Allen & Unwin: 7s. 6d. net.  
MEN AND MARVELS. By Halbert Boyd. Elkin Mathews: 7s. net.  
SIDONIE. By Pierre Corneille. Collins: 7s. 6d. net.  
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THE DEBT. By G. P. Robinson. Duckworth: 7s. 6d. net.  
THE IDOL OF PARIS. By Sarah Bernhardt. Cecil Palmer: 7s. 6d. net.  
THE ROAD TO ROMANCE. By Andrew Soutar. Murray: 7s. 6d. net.  
THE ROMANTIC LADY. By Michael Arlen. Collins: 7s. 6d. net.

### MISCELLANEOUS

- A MANUAL OF THE DUTCH LANGUAGE. By B. W. Downs and H. Latimer Jackson. Cambridge University Press: 6s. net.  
A TEXT-BOOK OF EUROPEAN ARCHEOLOGY. Vol. I. By R. A. S. Macalister. Cambridge University Press: 50s. net.  
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SWARAJ. By P. Majumdar. Calcutta, Students' Library.

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## A Library List

A HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR. By John Buchan. Vol. I. Nelson.

\*A PRINCE IN PETROGRAD. By Edgar Jepson. Odhams.

BACK TO METHUSALEH. A Metabiological Pentateuch. By George Bernard Shaw. Constable.

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\*COQUETTE. By Frank Swinnerton. Methuen.

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INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN IN ALL THAT RELATES TO GUNS AND SHOOTING. By Lt.-Col. P. Hawker, edited by Eric Parker. Jenkins.

\*JOANNA GODDEN. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Cassell.

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\*MEMOIRS OF A MIDGET. By Walter de la Mare. Collins.

MISCELLANEOUS, LITERARY AND POLITICAL. By Lord Rosebery. Hodder & Stoughton.

MODERN DEMOCRACIES. By James Lord Bryce. Macmillan.

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NAVAL OPERATIONS. Vol. 2. By Sir Julian Corbett. Longmans.

PORTRAITS OF THE NINETEIES. By E. T. Raymond. Fisher Unwin.

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\*RICH RELATIVES. By Compton Mackenzie. Secker.

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\*THE LOST LAWYER. By George A. Birmingham. Methuen.

THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS. By Robert Lansing. Constable.

\*TO LET. By John Galsworthy. Heinemann.

\*VERA. By the author of 'Elizabeth and Her German Garden.' Macmillan.

WITH THE BATTLE CRUISERS. By Filson Young. Cassell.

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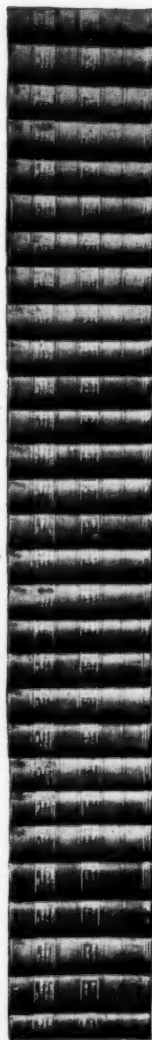
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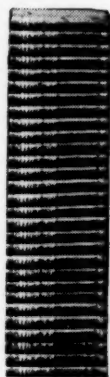
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